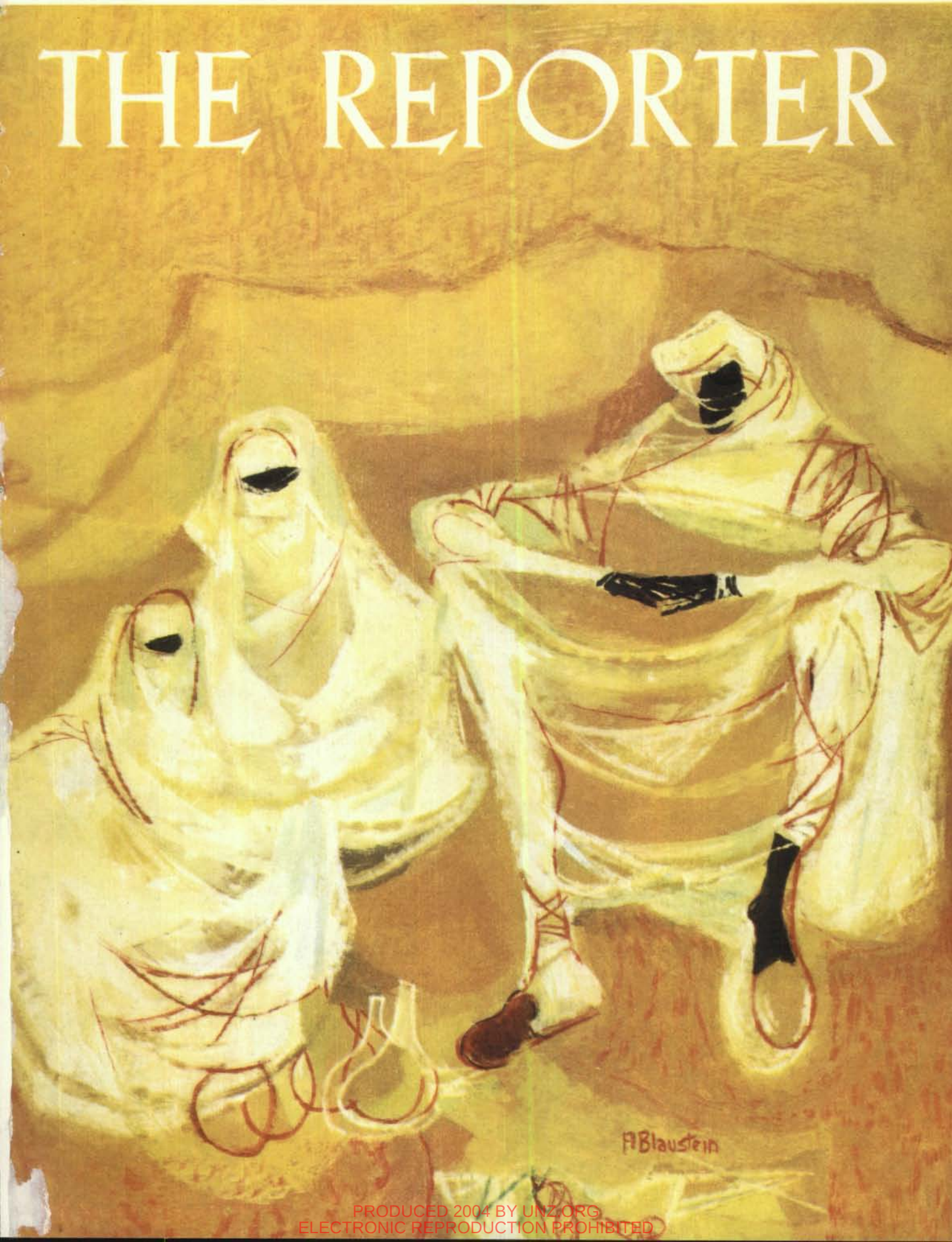
ANC

A Neutralized Middle East?

September 20, 1956 25¢

THE REPORTER



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P.S. Can't we please arrange to get Rudolf exiled?

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

On Ending the Draft

There is no use, we believe, in being evasive or silent when a man in public life whom we greatly admire happens to say something that we find disturbing, to say the least. This is the case, of course, with Adlai Stevenson and his stand on ending the draft. Of the two candidates, we consider Stevenson the better suited to become President of the United States. But with all respect to Mr. Eisenhower, this is faint praise, in view of all the conditions that would make Eisenhower's hold on his power in a second term rather tenuous.

We realize fully that these elections are vastly different from those of four years ago. On the Republican side, the crusading has become routinized rhetoric. On the Democratic side, there is far less emphasis on high principles and noble rules of behavior, like telling the truth and talking sense to the people.

These are far more professional elections, in the traditional sense of the term; and perhaps, everything considered, we prefer our elections served this way. Which does not mean, of course—we scarcely need add—that we like to see our candidate taking liberties with the truth or to hear him saying occasionally, in the heat of the campaign, something that does not make sense. And yet what sense is there in Stevenson's suggestion that the draft might be abolished, considering that draftees constitute more than one-third of the enlisted men in the Army?

Politics, we well know, is a rough craft—and we don't say this in any disparaging or snobbish sense. It is particularly crude and risky for a man who has had the gumption, after having received the highest degrees in that very practical science, to start his education anew from grammar school up. The temptation must obviously be great to follow what are supposed to be the wise precepts of the political doctors and political practitioners and rely too much on the usefulness of appealing to every special group. There is danger of an overreliance on the widespread uneasiness there is in the country about the Nixon candidacy.

The strangest things happen in this bewildering world of politics. Last time, a man who a few months earlier was virtually unknown got twenty-seven million votes by saying the things that his opponent, the most popular man on earth, couldn't bring himself to say. This time it would be ludicrous if some of the things that are expected of Stevenson were said by—of all people—Nixon.

We believe that this won't happen. We have confidence in Stevenson. Yet the best thing we can do for him is to speak out plainly and respectfully, as we are now doing.

Anthony Leviero

Anthony Leviero of the New York *Times* was one of the great reporters of our time. His "scoops"—and he scored a number of them in the course of a long and vigorous career—were not the result of skimming sensations off the froth of the news but of persistent sounding of the deeper channels to discover not only "who" and "what" and "when" and "where" but also "why." His friend James Reston called him the "man who taught beavers to be eager."

His article "The Army's Case Against Fortress America," which we were very proud to publish in our last issue, demonstrated once again that the most effective idealism is that which begins with a profound respect for facts. A number of people have been disturbed by what the Pentagon's growing dependence on atomic weapons is doing not only to our military policy but also to our diplomacy. It was Tony Leviero, however, who dug down to find out what was really going on. The *Reporter* article, like the pieces he had done on the subject for the *Times*, was a cogent expression of what he had learned and believed.

We were somewhat surprised that the *Times*, in its editorial eulogy of Tony Leviero, saw fit to cite from his "long list of distinguished reportorial achievements" only the last—his coverage of the political conventions at Chicago and San Francisco. He did well there too, of course—but together with about a thousand other reporters. In his coverage of the Pentagon, Leviero was truly unique.

Watching All the History Go By

If a man wishes, however moderately, to get somewhere, however gradually, it is fair to assume that he will move in that direction, however slowly. It is hard to believe that

THAT DITCH

It doesn't work out very well to say "Yassuh"
To Gamal Abdel Nassuh.
On the other hand, if you don't give a dam,
You're in a jam;
And if you just stand there and say "No!"
The boats will have nowhere to go,
Or rather, they'll sail all round the Cape of Good Hope
While you sit and mope.
If you seize the Canal—
Where do you go from there, pal?

—SEC

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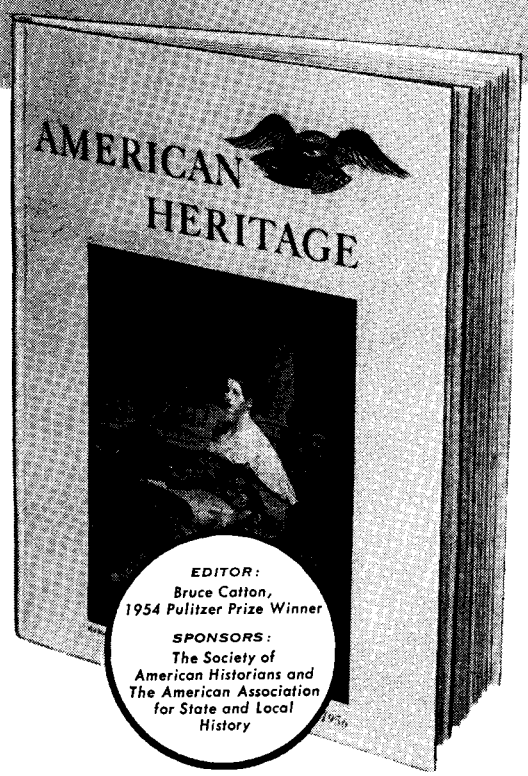
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the President of the United States has no desire to see the country's public schools desegregated, but it is at least as hard to believe that he is unaware of this simple law of motion.

At this writing, according to a press conference, the President is waiting for states to "show their inability or their refusal to grapple with this question properly, which they haven't yet," before he attempts to invoke the majesty of the Federal government in behalf of the Supreme Court ruling. In Mansfield, Texas, Negro children who turned up at the appropriate public school were—on Governor Shivers's express order and "with all deliberate speed," as the saying goes—reassigned to their old Jim Crow school. "I defy the Federal government," the governor said. "Tell the Federal courts if they want to come after anyone, to come after me and cite me in this matter."

The President said he hadn't heard of the governor's comments, but he had obviously heard that Rangers had carried out the transfer of the students, thus suppressing violence by giving its perpetrators what they wanted. Before Federal authorities could act, the President explained, "Texas authorities had moved in and order was restored, so the question became unimportant."

The President reminded reporters once again how difficult it is "through law and through force to change a man's heart" and talked once more about how we must all "help to bring about a change in spirit" in order to thwart the "extremists on both sides." As always, his words were those of sweet reasonableness, and against their soft background the "extremists" continued to move, logically, in the direction of their objectives. The N.A.A.C.P. tries to pick likely spots for a breakthrough and cultivates every chance to establish a precedent for the enforcement of the law. On the other side, the white Citizens' Councils—not that we for a moment equate them with the N.A.A.C.P.—try by every means to thwart the enforcement of the Court's ruling.

Is it too much to expect the official spokesman for gradualism to move purposefully toward his own avowed goal? It would hardly seem so, yet Mr. Eisenhower has yet to use the influence of the world's most powerful office to persuade a single Southern leader to show the way. He has yet to offer reasonable but specific proposals for slowly effecting the change, to call a conference of school superintendents through the Federal Office of Education, or to offer a television explanation and plea to the country, or to make any one of those moves that distinguish a maker of history from a spectator.

The gradualist argument is cogent in this deeply complicated area of human relations. But gradualism implies the *use* of time, not mere reliance on its passage. It seems unlikely that time will be so used by a President who still cannot associate himself personally with the Court's objective. To Mr. Eisenhower the Court's decision is merely something he "must conform to" and try his best to carry out. "I think it makes no difference," he has said, "whether or not I endorse it." If it made a difference to him, perhaps something of that feeling would be communicated to the country.

A Friend, 'As of This Moment'

It was like so many other gatherings in the funereal Senate Caucus Room. This time it was the Senate Internal Security subcommittee, presided over by Senator James O. Eastland (D., Mississippi) and with Robert Morris as chief counsel. Surprisingly, it was a Republican, Attorney General Jacob Javits of New York State, who was getting the treatment.

On the surface there was a great display of civility. Both Eastland and Morris mentioned several times that the hearing was being held at Javits's request. When it was over, Morris turned to Eastland and remarked, "There are many things, Senator, that we could go into that are not particularly important. We cannot trail this thing out to the very end. . . ."

But by nightfall the news was out that the subcommittee would trail it to the very end—or at least until it had destroyed Javits's prospects of getting the Republican nomination for Senator.

In June, Dr. Bella Dodd, a former Communist leader, had brought up the name of Javits in executive ses-

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sion of the subcommittee but withheld it in her public testimony until, in the words of Morris, "we can get some further corroboration. . . ." In late July, the committee sent the Dodd testimony to Attorney General Brownell, asking him to investigate. Then in late August, without the "further corroboration," former committee counsel J. G. Sourwine issued a lengthy attack on Javits based on material in the subcommittee's confidential files.

What was this incriminating evidence for which the New York Attorney General felt obliged to give an accounting and which now must be investigated even more exhaustively? Javits had reportedly called on Bella Dodd when he was first running for Congress in 1946 to discuss his political prospects. He was reportedly seen getting off a train with Frederick Vanderbilt Field in San Francisco. He reportedly attended a dinner in the home of Louise Bransten, who reportedly was a Communist and who reportedly entertained Communists. But of what possible importance can such alleged acquaintanceships be in judging an officeholder who has been on public display for a decade, and whose record has been one of constant opposition to Communism?

The press stories have carefully noted the "inconsistencies" between Javits's admittedly sketchy recollection of the chance encounters ten years ago and supposed recollections of others as reported by Counsel Morris. The fact that the Communist-dominated American Labor Party in New York chose to fight Javits throughout his career is treated as if it were inconsequential. That Javits may have unwittingly had dinner with a Communist is made to seem vastly incriminating.

This is the age of suspicion, of qualified endorsement of one's friend when one's friend is accused of something. It was expressed, we thought, quite aptly by President Eisenhower when he was asked his opinion of the New York Attorney General. "As of this moment," the President said, "I think he is a fine American." Every American, if we understand this correctly, is on a sort of probation, and at any time a retroactive out-of-court judgment may be passed on his honesty and loyalty.

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MR. BOWLES AND AFRICA

To the Editor: In "Africa: We'd Better Mean What We Say" (*The Reporter*, July 12), Chester Bowles writes that the authorities of Belgian Africa have no intention of granting independence. This is a purely arbitrary statement. The one thing that one may say is that the Belgian government does not think it possible to define, as of now, the future political structures of the African territories under its administration, for this would prejudge the wishes of the inhabitants. On the other hand, to declare that it has no other end in mind than to maintain the status quo, or that it has excluded the idea of independence, is contrary to the truth.

But to present political independence as a sort of panacea is mere wishful thinking, as educated Africans are perfectly aware. In this respect, I should like to quote the opinion of certain native circles of the Belgian Congo, expressed in a recent article published in a newspaper of Léopoldville:

"To each step in political emancipation should correspond a step in economic and social emancipation, as well as progress in education and culture. The achievement of these forms of evolution must take place on a parallel plane in order that political emancipation be sincere and effective.

"We do not want the exterior appearances of political independence to serve in effect as a means to enslave and exploit us."

As for the five points of Cordell Hull defining the policy which, in his opinion, the so-called colonial powers should observe and which Mr. Bowles proposes to proclaim as the guiding principles of American policy, they are a typical example of an ambiguous presentation of just ideas and of intentions varying little with those of the governments entrusted with the administration of many African territories.

Whatever the particular reasons of its executors, the task undertaken in Africa by several European nations since the end of the fourteenth century had the effect of drawing the inhabitants of the continent into the vast movement of progress of the peoples of the earth. In fact, this task has been a struggle against misery, barbarity, and fear, against poverty and ignorance, against mistrust and hatred which pitted tribes against each other, and against slavery and the abuses of brutal strength. The first results have already been attained, and the most important one is perhaps the growing consciousness of African peoples. There is talk about nationalism, about a wish to be free from foreign rule; but things cannot be enclosed in narrow concepts. African nationalism is slow to rise out of the gangue of tribal particularism. Future autonomy is not the real issue—it will come about, without any doubt; but what matters is its content, the foundations on which it shall be established. It is a complex of human problems, not a theorem of political geometry.

The awakening consciousness of African peoples imposes on all governments the duty of accentuating the trend of progress achieved on the political level, by associating more and more Africans in the carrying out of public functions, entrusting them with ever higher responsibilities, for it is only through the exercise of responsibility that they can be kept from demagogy.

This brings me to Cordell Hull's fourth point: fixing of target dates for granting self-determination to the African peoples.

The important thing is not to speculate on a remote issue or on the political formulas of the future, nor to make an appointment with them in time, but to work towards achieving, step by step, the various elements of political, economic, and social emancipation mentioned in the article I quoted above. Would this task be favored or facilitated by a timetable? There are valid arguments in favor of this method which would also include serious dangers if it were applied without flexibility, such as, among others, promoting a delusive belief in a mechanism capable of prefabricating progress. If the method of fixing time targets for the various stages were to be adopted, it should be done in the form of plans of action drafted by the authorities in co-operation with representatives of the population and presented as a program of work. This is what we wish to accomplish. Let us get to work; the result will depend on the efforts of all of us, and we shall then see together how to define the next task.

If by colonialism we understand a lust for political domination, the desire to perpetuate privileges or to exploit the weakness of other peoples, Belgium is as anti-colonialistic as any other nation. She does not ignore that the pursuit of the general welfare is the only justification of authority and that the consent and co-operation of the governed is the indispensable condition of efficiency of all governments. These principles are the fundamental rule of her policy in Africa.

ALFRED CLAEYS BOUUAERT
Belgian Delegation
to the United Nations
New York

To the Editor: It is unfortunate that Chester Bowles's otherwise truly excellent article on Africa was marred by his apparent acceptance of the view of the British West African official he quoted as saying that Liberia is one of the two most "illiterate, poverty-stricken, disease-ridden" African countries because it has "never known European colonial domination."

This is the British propaganda line calculated to justify their colonial policy by claiming African progress stems from British tutelage. The facts show a different story.

Liberia, an independent nation for 109 years, has virtually wiped out such diseases as malaria, yaws, and smallpox. Under President William V. S. Tubman, who has been serving for the last twelve years, Liberia has doubled and redoubled its national income, more than trebled its exports, and in 1954 alone opened many new schools, thereby greatly reducing illiteracy.

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There are many observers in the U. S. government who believe Liberia is a model of development for nations seeking independence and self-rule.

GEORGE PADMORE
Ambassador
Embassy of Liberia
Washington

To the Editor: Chester Bowles's article on Africa was excellently done, which is not surprising, as Mr. Bowles presents his views with extreme skill and is one of the most articulate Americans on the subject of colonial problems in Africa and Asia.

Undoubtedly Mr. Bowles's new book on Africa, on which the article in *The Reporter* is based, was written some months ago. If so, he was quite correct in his inference that U.S. policy within the trusteeship system did not at that time provide for political target dates. The facts are, however, that during the 1956 winter session of the Trusteeship Council the United States for the first time came out affirmatively for the establishment of intermediate political target dates. It was the opinion of our delegation that to state more precisely the manner in which self-government or independence should be achieved and to fix intermediate goals even in approximate terms in point of time would often give trust or non-self-governing territories—their governments and their peoples together—a stronger sense of purpose and direction in achieving their goals. The U.S. delegation believed that a series of targets to which successive political, economic, and social development plans and programs could be aimed would tend to induce an atmosphere of understanding and confidence in which the territories involved would be able to move more rapidly and harmoniously ahead.

As a result of this statement of U.S. policy we invited several of the authorities administering trust territories in Africa to consider the practicability of adopting programs of planned development in the form of intermediate targets and dates in such fields as the widening of suffrage, the increasing of legislative and executive powers, and in the building of representative institutions based increasingly on the consent of the governed.

In his concluding paragraph Mr. Bowles states that the United States "seems to be adrift without a policy, without even a clear objective." He then proposes a Charter for Africa based on five specific points which were recommended by former Secretary of State Cordell Hull, and which Mr. Bowles outlined in his *Reporter* article. Let me point out that with the United States's support of the principle of intermediate target dates for the achievement of self-government, all five points advocated by Mr. Hull are for all practical purposes now part of U. S. policy within the Trusteeship System. This should go at least part way to ease his mind about U.S. objectives with respect to the International Trusteeship System and the future of all non-self-governing territories.

MASON SEARS
U.S. Representative on the
Trusteeship Council
United States Mission
to the United Nations
New York

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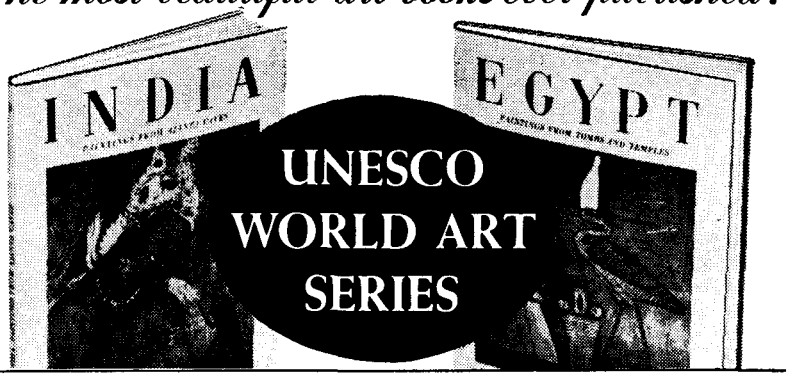

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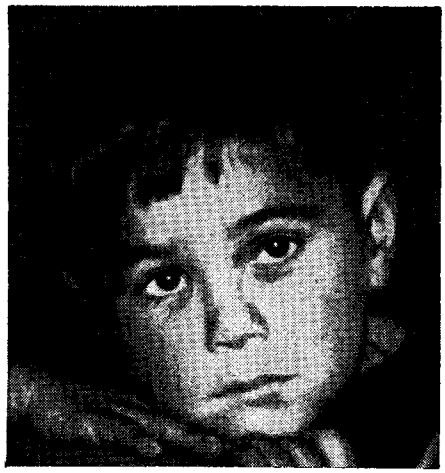

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

SUEZ is the big thing these days, and we think that the major powers should never have let it become so. They still have a chance to reduce the affair to proper proportions by taking a cold, hard look at the whole region and at the various potentates involved. This is what we are trying to do in the leading articles of this issue.

In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** suggests that Nasser, who pretends to be a neutral, must be firmly but gently forced to become a neutral in fact, with all that this implies—including a more peaceful attitude toward Egypt's neighbors. **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean Correspondent, has returned from Cairo convinced that Nasser is not sitting so pretty. **Ray Alan,** a frequent contributor to *The Reporter* and a man with long experience in the Middle East, analyzes Levantine-Arab nationalism and finds that it is a rather peculiar thing that bears little or no relationship to what is called by the same name in more solidly established countries. **J. H. Huizinga,** a correspondent for the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant,* reports on the parody of Arab nationalism in the oil sheikdoms along the Persian Gulf. The rulers of these two-by-four states have so far certainly had all the possible breaks, but this does not mean that their luck will last long.

The President, in his San Francisco acceptance speech, used a very challenging phrase in calling the G.O.P. "the party of the future." The remark set several of our writers thinking. The fact that among Republican leaders the man who seems to have the greatest future is Richard Nixon has raised doubts and qualms in many citizens—not all of them Democrats or independents. It is for these worried people that **August Heckscher** writes. Mr. Heckscher, a nationally known political writer who voted Republican in the 1952 elections, is at present Executive Director of the Twentieth Century Fund.

The Twenty-second Amendment makes Mr. Eisenhower the first President whose second term would automatically be his last. The resulting shrinkage in his Executive power is discussed by **Maurice Klain,** Associate Professor of Political Science at Western Reserve University.

There was much talk in San Francisco about the growing influence of the Eisenhower Republicans, the Republicans of the future. **John R. Schmidhauser,** a political scientist at Iowa State University, has taken a look at these Republicans and finds that, if anything, they are on the way out.

TWO YEARS AGO Vietnam was the trouble spot of the world. **Darrell Berrigan,** a free-lance journalist operating out of Bangkok, after a long stay in Vietnam describes how things are going in that part of the country that is free of Communist domination. He had long talks with South Vietnam's President Diem.

The short story by **Eileen Chang** takes place in a period in Chinese history that we now see as a sort of parenthesis between the old order, based on feudal and mandarin tradition, and Mao's new rule. That was the golden period of the Kuomintang, when many freedoms came suddenly to China. Among them was a man's freedom to choose his own wife. Miss Chang, born and brought up in Shanghai, which she left in 1952, has published short stories and articles in Chinese magazines. She came to the United States in 1955 and the same year published her first novel in English, *The Rice-sprout Song.*

We used to hear songs and music coming out of our phonographs; in recent years they have learned to speak the words of prose and verse. **William Harlan Hale** reports on the new developments in this field. **Malcolm Cowley,** editor and critic, has recently published *Exile's Return* and *The Literary Situation.* He has also edited for Viking *The Portable Hawthorne* and *The Portable Faulkner.* **Tom Armstrong,** an artist who also writes, furnishes the text for his drawings of Marilyn Monroe. **James W. Prothro** is a member of Florida State University's Department of Political Science.

Our cover is by **Al Blaustein.**

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THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES 2

The Suez Mix-up

A NEUTRALIZED MIDDLE EAST?—AN EDITORIAL . . . . . *Max Ascoli* 10
THE MALEVOLENT GENIE THAT NASSER SET FREE . . . . . *Claire Sterling* 11
WHERE NATIONALISM BECOMES NIHILISM . . . . . *Ray Alan* 15
THE PINT-SIZE POTENTATES OF THE PERSIAN GULF . . . . . *J. H. Huizinga* 18

At Home & Abroad

THE FUTURE OF 'THE PARTY OF THE FUTURE'
1. THE NIXON PROBLEM IS NOT YET SETTLED . . . . . *August Heckscher* 21
2. THE DISARMING OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER . . . . . *Maurice Klain* 24
3. WHERE ARE THE 'EISENHOWER REPUBLICANS?' . . *John R. Schmidhauser* 26
4. THE CHOTINER ACADEMY OF SCIENTIFIC VOTE-CATCHING *Robert Bendiner* 28
THE ORDEAL OF SOUTH VIETNAM . . . . . *Darrell Berrigan* 29

Views & Reviews

STALE MATES—A SHORT STORY . . . . . *Eileen Chang* 34
FROM PLATO TO PERELMAN ON THE TURNTABLE . . . . *William Harlan Hale* 38
SOCIOLOGICAL HABIT PATTERNS IN LINGUISTIC TRANSMOGRIFICATION . . . . . *Malcolm Cowley* 41
NORMA JEAN MORTENSON ON THE HALF SHELL . . . . . *Tom Armstrong* 43
THE AIR BELONGS TO US . . . . . *Robert Bingham* 45
A SOUTHERNER'S VIEW OF A SOUTHERNER'S BOOK . . . *James W. Prothro* 46
BOOK NOTES 48

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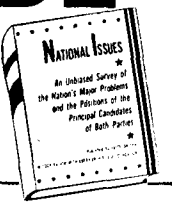
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A Neutralized Middle East?

THIS Vanity Fair of petty nationalisms, this Suez imbroglio, has been going on for far too long. It is not likely to end soon—particularly if Mr. Dulles's advice "to think of the thing in terms of its detailed ingredients" prevails. Rather, the time has come to think of the issues at stake with criteria of statesmanship, not shysterism.

The main principle at stake is the one on which independent authorities are based, designed to run or to bring into existence public utilities that cross the boundaries of sovereign states. The Coal and Steel Community in Europe, the Port of New York Authority and TVA in our country, are instances of such institutions. There are some among us whose thinking about them is still rather confused. We should not be too hard on Nasser for seeing in a Suez Canal Authority nothing but creeping colonialism.

Yet such trans-sovereign institutions are the great political novelty of the twentieth century, and no effort of statecraft should be spared to make their self-regulatory activity both effective and responsible—responsible to the people they are supposed to serve. In the Suez case, the canal, unquestionably and no matter what the 1888 Treaty or any future treaty may say, is an international public utility; unquestionably also, it runs through Egyptian territory.

If the canal is to function properly, Egypt's share of authority in running it depends entirely on the use the Egyptians make of their sovereignty. Since there is no Egyptian government we can deal with other than that of Nasser's, the mastery he may be allowed to have over the canal entirely depends on the policies he pursues in the Middle East and the rest of the Islamic world. If unchecked, he will use the canal for his aggrandizement. Nasser's policies, not "the detailed ingredients" of canal management, must be the object of international negotiation.

Secretary Dulles himself may have felt that here was the heart of the matter when, in the U.S. draft proposal, he suggested to the London Conference the "insulation of the operation of the canal from the influence of politics of any nation." By "politics" he must have meant policies; by "any nation" he must have meant Egypt, not Ethiopia or Pakistan or Britain.

"Insulation," if it is to mean anything, calls for more than settling pilots' contracts or toll rates. It calls for a less hysterical, a less aggressive use on Nasser's part of his nation's sovereignty.

IT'S REGRETTABLE that Mr. Dulles could not bring himself to talk of neutralism—a familiar and popular idea among Asians and Africans—rather than of "insulation." But Mr. Dulles is squeamish on a subject which has brought him no end of trouble lately. His view seems to be that a policy of neutrality is immoral for all nations—except those that practice it.

In the case of Suez, the Administration's unneutral policy toward neutralism resulted in a tragicomedy of errors, with most of the protagonists playing roles different from those in which they are usually cast. The neutral powers, led by India, the great champion of no alignment with either bloc, rushed to the side of Soviet Russia. The United States found itself insulated from its major western Allies and from the new anti-colonial and Communist bloc, with both sides equally mistrusting us for having precipitated the Suez crisis and then for having given no support to either side. Actually, in this whole mix-up we are the real neutrals, with a neutrality which, at least for the duration of the Presidential campaign, is likely to remain unchanged and bipartisan.

Or maybe some supranatural force or even their consciences will bring our leaders to see the light of day. It might then be clear to them that the Suez affair provides us, as well as Britain and the Soviet Union, with a unique opportunity to work out together a new policy for the Middle East—the neutralization of the whole region, guaranteed by the major powers, under the auspices of the U.N. The Middle East is no terrain on which to play the game of power politics: We cannot count on alliances with the Middle Eastern governments, and Russia cannot hope to take over the area without risking the ultimate punishment.

As to that personable, engaging dictator, Nasser, we can simply tell him: "Sorry, but you can't have it both ways. You can't waste the resources of your nation collecting secondhand or up-to-date weapons to threaten one of your neighbors, and then claim to be the unchallengeable custodian of an international public utility."

THE PEOPLES of the Middle East need peace and assistance—which means reduction of armaments and international or U.N. subsidy on a very large scale—if they are ever to be in condition to give themselves leaders somewhat better than the quite expendable ones they now have. As to Nasser, if he chooses to be the gatekeeper of the Suez Canal and drops the rest of the nonsense, even he might do.

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The Malevolent Genie That Nasser Set Free

CLAIRE STERLING

CAIRO

THE EGYPTIANS were astonished when Britain did not declare war a day or two or three after President Gamal Abdel Nasser's Suez coup. They have continued to be astonished during the succeeding weeks of western negotiation and still think the attack will come—at Britain's convenience. The legend of British supremacy dies hard here; and according to the legend, Nasser, for all his triumphs, is a marked man.

This conviction may have great bearing on the situation here. Nasser's power depends on the Egyptian Army, and the army is not happy about Egypt's position now. Its big military objective is a second round in Palestine. It has not always been so. Early in 1955, when Israeli troops launched an attack on the Gaza Strip, the 350 members of the Free Officers Corps—the hard core of men who directly aided the revolution and who form a kind of military parliament—met to vote. Only eighty-five voted in favor of war. This, of course, was before the Russian arms deal last September, and at a time when Nasser's popularity and the army's morale were both at an all-time low.

Since then, with Russian arms already in Egyptian hands, the mood of the military has radically changed. Yet the army is alarmed that Nasser might not get all it wants from the Russians—the more so since Russia refused Nasser the mutual-defense pact he asked for when the Suez crisis began. Now, with this not altogether trustworthy friend tugging from the east, Nasser has made a formidable enemy in the west. Worse, he has made any prospect of a second round in Palestine remote, if not impossible. There is very little doubt in army circles here that Britain will be lying in wait for Nasser for years to come if he lasts that long. The mere expectation of a British attack has forced Nasser to shift his troops from the Israeli front. An actual attack would mean

wasting the Egyptian Army's strength on a secondary objective. And if Britain doesn't invade on its own, nothing could provide it a better pretext for invasion than an outbreak of hostilities in Palestine.

This isn't the only way Nasser has restricted his freedom of action by bringing on the Suez crisis. He must behave and keep the canal functioning. Through fear of world public opinion, for instance, he has already permitted two Israel-chartered ships to pass through it in violation of his own blockade. He is not even at liberty to be inefficient; the smallest accident in the canal now would cause an international uproar. He can hardly defy Britain on any other important issue without heightening the risk of war. He cannot sell his cotton to most of Egypt's western customers while the sterling freeze is on, can't count on the West for the capital, equipment, and technicians he needs to modernize Egypt, can't play East against West to raise the bidding, and can't use the West as a counterweight against the strong pull of the Soviet Union.

'The Lion Poised'

An Egyptian general who until recently held a high diplomatic post told me: "Everything is finished now. We are too much alone. How can we liberate Palestine with the Lion poised behind her? If we leap the Lion leaps. And what if Britain comes after us now? And who would help us? We have no friends, they're all against us now. If Russia were truly for us it would have given us a defense pact and would not have gone to the London Conference. And suppose it did send us a volunteer international brigade. It would simply take us over in the end—and Nasser would be the first to go. The Russians don't trust him any more than the British do—in fact whichever side finishes him first will get Egypt. Nasser thinks he can do anything with those beautiful weapons the Russians gave him, but always, always someone will be stronger than we are."

Such views are said to be widely held both in and out of the army. Some speak of an officers' plot to restore General Mohammed Naguib; others of a plot to resuscitate the ailing and aging Wafdist Prime Min-

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ister Nahas Pasha. "For the first time in four years we are in direct contact with the army," says a prominent lawyer who is a close friend of Nahas. "We have different motives—the officers want to free the army of Nasser's mistakes, and we want to free Egypt—but it comes to the same thing."

A neutral diplomat long in Cairo said: "Don't underestimate the effects of Nasser's coup, but don't overestimate the final results. Nasser is making great popular conquests abroad by endangering the West's economic, political, and military interests. But he is overplaying his hand by attempting two revolutions at once—against the West and against the present Arab leadership from the smallest Persian Gulf sheik to King Saud in Arabia, Hussein in Jordan, Feisal in Iraq, Idris in Libya, Bourguiba in Tunisia, and the Sultan in Morocco. These are a lot of enemies to take on for one whose rear is so unguarded."

The Careful Silence

There is no way of knowing how true the rumors may be of an officers' plot to overthrow Nasser, how widely disaffection may be spreading through the army, how able he may be to cope with it. But no one who has lived through the critical August days in Cairo could help wondering how long a dictator—the kind of dictator Nasser has become—can afford the kind of immobility the crisis has imposed on him.

There are more photographs of Nasser in Cairo today than there were of Farouk in the era of that degenerate king. His photograph stares out from giant billboards, from the walls of buildings, restaurants, and private homes, from match folders and tourist trinkets, from two-foot squares of electrically wired plate glass on sale everywhere as desk lamps. Side by side with him on the billboards are huge posters of soldiers in heroic poses; and straddling one of Cairo's main streets is the model of a bayonet-thrusting soldier five stories high—erected, not after Britain threatened war, but on the day the last of its troops withdrew from the canal area.

For the first time since the revolution, the habits so familiar in every dictator's capital have come into use in Cairo's cafés: the oblique method of political conversation, the glance over the shoulder, the careful silence at the approach of a waiter. Even a high official of the Arab League with whom I had tea at the fashionable Gezira Sporting Club scrupulously observed these amenities.

The concentration camps are full: Simax and Dakhla in the Western Desert, Kenna in Upper Egypt, the notorious Jarum el-Sheik in the Sinai Peninsula. Nasser has admitted officially to five thousand inmates; unofficial estimates put the figure close to thirty thousand. Some of the prisoners are members of the terrorist Moslem Brotherhood or the old Wafd Party, both now banned by the Revolutionary Junta. Others are Communists or presumed Communists. At least twenty are believed to be professors who were dismissed, along with two hundred more, from Cairo University last year. Their present whereabouts is unknown. There are several more of these in Egyptian jails. Two, Dr. Ismail Sabri and Dr. Mahmoud Shawi, were recently brought to trial as confessed Communists and acquitted because they bore unmistakable marks of torture: Dr. Sabri's fingernails had been torn out, and Dr. Shawi had been set upon by specially trained Alsatian dogs.

Trappings of Dictatorship

The régime has given no other sign of working toward the democracy that Nasser had once held out as a

distant but realizable goal. The election last June, in which Nasser won 99.9 per cent of the vote, speaks for itself. So does the fact that there are more army officers in administrative posts now than when the army took over in 1952.

Army officers have been appointed to head every section of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The diplomats they replaced have either been appointed to less sensitive jobs abroad or pensioned off. Other officers have been appointed to important positions in the Ministries of Finance, Commerce, Supply, Interior, and Public Works. Similarly, many banks, insurance companies, industries, and export-import firms are today heavily staffed by young officers in full command of the various aspects of organization and administration.

Nasser, who is as hostile to Egypt's small elite of educated civilians as they have become toward him, has come to depend more and more on the army to run the nation's industry, agriculture, trade, and diplomacy; for political support he has resorted to the kind of exalted nationalism most likely to arouse the poor fellahin.

The same hallmarks of dictatorship are to be found everywhere now: the elaborate, impossible promises, the hasty plans as hastily abandoned, the paternalistic unions with no right to strike, the paid holidays for mass demonstrations—Egypt had only thirty-three working days during July and August—the search for spectacular effect. Nasser has built impressive hospitals that have never been opened for lack of medical equipment—not to mention doctors. He has built schools that function badly or not at all for lack of teachers, while expecting teachers to work in other Arab countries—sixteen hundred now, four thousand scheduled for the next academic year. His land-reform program has made possession a growing burden for the eighty thousand fellahin families who have received their five acres without the indispensable advice and credits. He has spent upward of $15 million on Liberation Province, and erected a showplace village there that draws thousands of visitors from every corner of Islam; but work has not yet been completed even on the first 10,000 of the 1,200,000 acres the régime has undertaken to reclaim, at which rate the project will take more than a hundred years.

Industrially, he has not done much better. He has assured Egyptians that he can both carry out a huge industrialization program and build the $1.3-billion Aswan High

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Dam, with or without foreign assistance. It is not likely that he can do either. The controlled press has been announcing big new industrial projects at the rate of nearly one a week. But in spite of the $150-million bond issues floated recently, the current $40-million American aid program for economic development, and a quantity of equipment from West Germany, France, Sweden, and the United States, only two new factories —tire recapping and Ford repairs— are in operation. Four more—a slaughterhouse, a pasteurization plant, a fertilizer factory, a large iron and steel works—are in various stages of construction. There are several others in blueprint: ceramics, pharmaceuticals, machine tools, paper, cement. But these were to have been equipped by the Soviet countries, which have yet not delivered the goods.

Withal, Nasser has found the time and money to build up his army. On the record, his new defense budget has gone up by $60 million. Off the record, it has increased by at least four times that. The standing army has been jacked up from 80,000 to nearly double that, and is armed with expensive—even at cut price—Soviet weapons. The new "Liberation Army" is planned to accommodate a million volunteers, with 5,000 enrollment offices open to recruit them, all to be trained in camps and provided with arms at a cost that can be imagined; and compulsory military training has recently been extended to cover children at the primary-school level.

For a country whose people earn an average of $100 a year and whose population increases by 1,500 daily, this kind of totally unproductive expenditure is an intolerable, suffocating weight. Egypt needs $60 million a year in new income simply to keep the living standards of its population from falling. Its income increased by only $45 million a year in the first two years of the revolution—though Nasser claimed several times as much in his nationalization speech—and it is still $280 million less than in Egypt's last prerevolutionary year.

'Role in Search of a Hero'

In view of this, it isn't hard to see why Nasser should have averted his

eyes gradually from the insoluble problems of his people and looked toward the easier, cheaper triumphs to be had in the Arab world. In his immature and inchoate but celebrated book, *The Philosophy of the Revolution,* he foretold his own course:

"We cannot look at the map of the world," Nasser declared, "without seeing our own place upon it, and that our role is dictated by that place. Can we fail to see that there is an Arab circle surrounding us? . . . Can we possibly ignore the fact that there is an African continent which Fate decreed us to be a part of, and that it is also decreed that a terrible struggle exists for its future? . . . Can we further ignore the existence of an Islamic world, with which we are united by bonds created not only by religious belief, but also reinforced by historic realities? . . . within the Arab circle there is a role, wandering aimlessly in search of a hero . . . this role, exhausted by its wanderings, has at last settled down, tired and weary, near the borders of our country and is beckoning. . .

"When I consider the 80 million Muslims in Indonesia, and the 50 million in China, and the millions in Malaya, Siam and Burma, and the nearly 100 million in Pakistan, and the more than 100 million in the Middle East, and the 40 million in the Soviet Union, together with the other millions in far-flung parts of the world—when I consider these hundreds of millions united by a single creed, I emerge with a sense of the tremendous possibilities. . .

"Here is the role. Here are the lines, and here is the stage. We alone, by virtue of our place, can perform the role."

Cairo Calling

A glance at the list of countries to which Radio Cairo now beams its propaganda reveals how actively Nasser is pursuing his mission in his three circles of Egyptian expansion. The list includes Malaya, Indonesia, India, Pakistan, Iran, Turkey, Iraq, Jordan, Syria, the Lebanon, Israel, Saudi Arabia, Yemen, Kuwait, Bahrain, and other Persian Gulf sheikdoms, Aden, the Sudan, Ethiopia, Eritrea, British, French, and Italian Somaliland, Zanzibar, Tanganyika, Uganda, Kenya, Buganda, Nigeria, the Gold Coast, Libya, Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco, as well as western Europe, Latin America, and the United States. The languages used in these broadcasts include Indonesian, Malayan, Urdu, Persian, Hebrew, Turkish, Amharic, Tigré, Swahili, six Sudanese dialects, Portuguese, Spanish, French, and English as well as Arabic.

There is some question as to how effective these broadcasts really are. They are shrill enough to excite millions of colonial subjects. But they are also wildly inaccurate, and often clumsy. A recent broadcast, for instance, referred to Nasser as "leader of the Arab people and all Africa," a title that might not go down so well with the Sultan of Morocco or the Emperor of Ethiopia. And the Somalis under Italian trusteeship recently complained to the U.N. Trusteeship Council that Nasser's Egypt has been trying to bully them into adopting Arabic as their official language.

Faulty execution, however, doesn't change the original intention, defined by one of Radio Cairo's directors as "forging the solidarity of the

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Arabs from the Atlantic Ocean to the Persian Gulf, linking the Moslem countries to our ideas as Moslems, and showing Africa that we are its gateway to the civilized world."

Equally interesting is the pattern of international organization taking shape under Nasser's auspices. For the Middle East he has the Arab League, which, however, is not as unitedly behind him as appearances suggest. For the non-Arab Moslems, Nasser has formed the Islamic Congress, nominally a cultural institution sponsored by Egypt, Pakistan, and Saudi Arabia, actually a powerful propaganda instrument. Heavily endowed by King Saud, manned with one exception by Egyptians, it is building imposing Islam Houses in countries as remote from Mecca as Nigeria; and its palace in Cairo is at the disposal of the visiting Moslems, who are brought there from the airport in a black-and-yellow Rolls-Royce. It would be hard to exaggerate the effect of this on, say, a native leader from Britain's Aden Protectorate, where tribesmen still wear loincloths.

As for the third circle. Nasser has recently formed a "Committee for Africa," headed by his Minister of Interior.

Some Other Missionaries

Independently of these front organizations, Nasser has been developing three forms of penetration. He is sending teachers wherever they are accepted: Over three hundred are in Libya, one hundred in Kuwait, forty-five in Italian Somaliland, the rest of the 1,600 in Jordan, Yemen, the Sudan, and Communist China. More significant, he is staffing his key embassies abroad, from the rank of ambassador down, with officers trained in military intelligence. Chief among these is Brigadier Mahmoud Riad, Egyptian Ambassador to Syria, who commutes between Damascus and Cairo. The kind of work he is engaged in may be deduced from what has been going on in several other nearby states. In Iraq, for instance, the Egyptian military attaché, Colonel Hennawi, was sent home in January after being implicated during his assistant's trial on espionage charges. He is now serving as Nasser's personal press secretary. In Jordan, the late Egyptian military attaché, Salah Mustafa, was mysteriously assassinated because he was directing the recruitment of Fedayeen raiders for use in Israel. In the Sudan, the Cabinet has protested strongly against the Egyptian Ambassador's seditious activities in the Sudanese Army. In Saudi Arabia, an Egyptian military mission was sent packing last spring for organizing a Free Officers' Committee in King Saud's army. Several Saudi officers are said, on good authority, to have been beheaded at that time.

Finally, Nasser has inspired the formation of an International Federation of Arab Trade Unions, with emphasis on oil-field, pipeline, and refinery workers. The Federation was formed in Damascus, but its secretary-general is Egyptian, and Egypt is pressing hard to have its general headquarters in Cairo.

Little Man, What Now?

What can Nasser hope for from all this? Certainly not an empire in the nineteenth-century sense, though there has been a faint flavor of that lately. "The people of Somaliland still talk of those good days and bless them," Radio Cairo told the Somalis not long ago, referring to Egypt's occupation in the 1870s, ". . . the days when Egypt's civilization spread, without any pressure or intimidation, along the Indian Ocean to the equator."

Still, no one thinks Nasser would seriously contemplate military annexation. He may have practical designs on the Sudan, which is contiguous to his territory, controls the flow of Nile waters on which his country's existence depends, and has certain other useful characteristics. "Let us put it frankly," says a highly placed Egyptian. "Egypt needs living space. The Sudan is bigger than Egypt and has only nine million people."

This wild program of expansion is something more than a boast—and this is the major trouble with Nasser today. But where can he go next if he is to keep his promises to the Arab world? By the logic of that world, he must go into Israel. "O Gamal! First the Canal, Now Palestine!" was the slogan of the mobs in Damascus, Beirut, and Amman on the day of the international Arab strike, when the London Conference began. Palestine now, however, would mean certain ruin; and if Nasser cannot keep that promise, it is a big question whether he can long hold together the Arab leaders.

Assuming he can keep the Arab states together, the question remains of where he can go at home. For the time being, the resources of the West are cut off to him. The United States, which has contributed nearly $100 million since 1952, is unlikely to give any more under present circumstances, and has even stopped shipment of $18 million worth of heavy machinery already on order.

No private investor would put new money into Egypt today. No western country would buy Egyptian cotton for which it may not pay, or sell anything to Egypt for which it cannot be paid. Egypt's trade deficit had already reached $128 million last year, and with the sterling freeze, its reserves of foreign exchange are down to $90 million.

THIS means Russia. Tito is known to have warned Nasser at the Brioni Conference that it wasn't safe to tie up more than twenty-five per cent of his trade with the Soviet bloc. Nasser has so far pledged fifty-one per cent of his cotton crop to Russia, the satellite countries, and China. Furthermore, he has done so through a system of unilateral barter trade perfected by Hjalmar Schacht for

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Hitler, and now practiced by the Soviet Union. In exchange for his cotton, he gets arms, machinery, and consumer goods when and if the Russians are willing and able to send them; whatever rubles he may come by are of no use to him in the western market.

Nasser may or may not have better luck in getting these materials than Burma and Indonesia, whose similar barter arrangements are described by the Egyptian press itself as "a flop." But he cannot expect to get much more without paying an ominous price.

Of Time and Troops

In his acceptance of Russian arms and his subsequent relations with the Kremlin, Nasser has gone pretty far: his trusting economic policy, his hospitality toward Russian missions—there were thirty from the Soviet bloc last spring—his effusive praise for the Russians on every public occasion, his almost daily meetings with the Soviet Ambassador in Cairo. He has even, for the past year, encouraged his army officers to fraternize with the two thousand Soviet officers, technicians, and economists now in Egypt while forbidding those officers to attend British or American cocktail parties without the army's permission—rarely given. And while he has kept many Communists languishing in prison, he has permitted others to dominate the staffs of authoritative newspapers.

But he is uneasy about how much further he may have to go. So are his few close friends and the literate public, as well as the other Arab states, the United States, Britain, and all western Europe; and so, above all, is the Egyptian Army.

It is with the army that he will have to have his reckoning. The fellahin are too poor to feel the absence of imports. They have been poor so long that they can perhaps go on that way much longer; and their hatred for the British is so virulent that they might live for years simply on the taste of their defiance. It is not they, however, but the army officers looking at Britain, Russia, and Israel who will have the last word. Time might do more for British interests after all than the airborne troops Britain could drop along the banks of the Suez Canal.

Where Nationalism Becomes Nihilism

RAY ALAN

IT HAS NOW become routine: Egyptian and Arab League policy is talked over with Soviet representatives before it is communicated to western ears. Almost without effort, with the signing of the Baghdad Pact, Russia has resumed its Czarist mantle as a Middle Eastern power. This time Russia is strong and popular enough to act as confidant and adviser to Levantine governments eager to humiliate their former western mentors.

But British officials are worrying less about the Soviet Union than about the Levantine nationalism they fostered as a deliberate act of policy just over a decade ago. One of the architects of that policy—an eager sponsor of the Arab League—was Sir Anthony Eden, whose advisers have just hauled him back from the brink of war.

Recessional at Suez

As recently as two years ago Sir Anthony still believed sufficiently in his Arab policy to defy the imperialist wing of his party by committing Britain's Suez Canal Zone base to the Egyptian government's exclusive care. This was essential, he told the House of Commons, not only for sound military reasons—to disengage and increase the mobility of forces hitherto bogged down by Egyptian hostility—but above all to win Arab friendship. "The prospect of a new and growing collaboration with our Arab friends," he stressed, "is now opened up. . . . With Saudi Arabia we have just concluded an agreement to arbitrate our differences there. . . . With Jordan we have our treaty. . . ."

The Arab leaders thought otherwise. As Cairo spokesmen have now revealed, the Canal Zone evacuation agreement was seen by Nasser as a natural prelude to nationalization of the canal itself. ("The withdrawal of the western offer to finance the Aswan project merely created the psychologically convenient moment [Nasser] was waiting for," government publicist Mohammed Haikal has stated. "The connection was strictly one of timing, not one of cause and effect.")

Almost as soon as the ink was dry on the Eden-Nasser accord, Radio Cairo was broadcasting anti-British incitement to every part of the Arab world. The deceptive calm maintained in Jordan by General Glubb's Arab Legion alone appeared to justify Sir Anthony's optimism. Then an ill-advised effort to conscript Jordan into the Baghdad Pact provoked the Jordanians in their turn to stage anti-British riots.

The Courtship of J. Bull

There is a specious argument, currently advanced by the section of the British Labour Party whose views are reflected in the weekly *New Statesman and Nation*, that the steady succession of reverses Britain has suffered in the Middle East in recent years stems from its "failure and apparent unwillingness" to seek Arab friendship. That is nonsense. Not since the days of Cleopatra has the Middle East seen a more ardent courtship than the wooing of the Arab states by Whitehall. Nor did the Foreign Office restrict its attentions, as is often asserted, to the kings and pashas. By 1945 it possessed the most powerful propaganda arsenal in the Arabic-speaking world—the BBC's excellent Arabic service, the Near East Broadcasting Station, the Arab News Agency, and a string of periodicals and other outlets not overtly associated with British officialdom.

When peace came these services were expanded even further. Pandering to the prejudices of the Levantine-Arab mob was given priority over all else—Britain's need of American aid, its pledges to the Zionists, its ties with India. When the mood of the Arab mob was anti-

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French, anti-American, anti-Jewish, or anti-Indian (as during India's disputes with Pakistan), these officially controlled but not always officially avowed British agencies orchestrated their output accordingly. As recently as this summer, on the eve of the Suez crisis, French Foreign Minister Christian Pineau was angrily preparing for the personal attention of his British opposite number a list of examples of anti-French propaganda that had been put out by Whitehall's Levantine subsidiaries.

Tiger Jockeys

A few dreamers within the Foreign Office genuinely believed that Britain might win Arab gratitude for its pains and that the fruits of this gratitude would more than compensate for any consequent weakening of its ties with France, the United States, and other interested friendly nations. But a majority of the officials involved, having observed Arab behavior during the Second World War, suffered no such delusions. They took a far less sentimental attitude toward the Arabs, and with "cool-headed realism" thought almost exclusively in terms of deals founded on the principle that the Arab leaders—in particular the Hashemite royal families of Iraq and Jordan—needed Britain at least as much as Britain thought it needed them.

Both schools of thought made the fundamental error of overlooking the forces making for socio-economic evolution, of failing to foresee the upsurge of new leaders based on the expanding, vociferous middle class, and of ignoring the growing power of the mob. No less than the British, the American diplomatists were unprepared for the rapid twist of the political screw that made superficially plausible leaders like General Adib Shishekly of Syria and Nasser of Egypt dependent on the mob for support and therefore forced, in Sir Winston Churchill's words, to ride a tiger they would never dare dismount.

Sinister Aberrations

Could Levantine nationalism have been guided by the West into pro-western or at least constructive channels? Could its tiger-riding phase really have been averted? To both of these questions the honest observer must answer "No." The dismal fact must be faced that Levantine "nationalists" neither stand for nor care very much about what western liberals understand by the word "nationalism." For some years now they have been concerned less with the political and moral betterment of their own people than with the humiliation and, in extreme instances, destruction of others. From Aswan to Aleppo, what passes for nationalism in the eyes of a good many western observers is rarely more than a wholly negative, almost pathological xenophobia; and it is on the verge of degenerating into sheer nihilism.

The roots of this malaise lie first in an atavistic obsession with the idea of foreign domination, intertwined with a penchant for political tightrope walking and for balancing one potential invader, overlord, or big brother against another. Consequently, it has not really sunk in that after centuries of invasion and domination, local independence is now a reality.

The popular attitude to politics, local and international, is still largely negative and protective. A more or less subconscious grudge is nursed against much of the outside world, in particular against the western nations that most recently dominated parts of the region. The efforts of the latter to "appease" Levantine opinion are seen as confessions of both weakness and guilt, and whoever seeks to embarrass and humiliate these western powers, for whatever reason, is sure to win applause.

As the Levantine nations were brought into existence they all hastened to prove an Arab ancestry or, like the Egyptians, who are not Arab at all, to invent one. This Arabization has had fantastic results. The true Bedouin Arab's proverbial fecklessness and recklessness, his *"snobisme du désert,"* his contempt for agriculture and disdain for sustained effort and the values of settled society, have infected populations whose ancestors since the dawn of civilization have been rooted in the same spot as peasants and craftsmen with a vested interest in the maintenance of orderly government.

The outcome is a dichotomy of attitudes and aspirations, an ambivalence of incompatible loyalties and emotions verging at times on the schizoid. Anarchy is fomented by men who have everything to lose by a breakdown of law and order; Soviet penetration is facilitated by rulers who outlaw Communism; western aid administrators are hamstrung by governments that clamor for western aid; foreign investments are nationalized by governments that seek to attract foreign capital; British and American doctors, nurses, and welfare workers are harassed and expelled by communities in desperate need of their services; Arab unity is preached by leaders who oppose the conclusion of a customs union with the Arab state next door; and statesmen who display themselves to the world as champions of national liberation see nothing illogical in oppressing minorities and seeking to dominate neighboring peoples.

Islam is an all-enclosing system of laws and ethics as well as of religious beliefs. Its immutable dogmas and precepts were crystallized for all time by the Prophet. They can be neither amended nor modernized in the light of scientific discovery. Islam must be accepted or rejected *in toto*, and its rocklike rigidity, once an asset, is today its undoing. Geographically the Levantine Moslem is already suspended between three continents; contact with western thought is now plunging him into a moral, spiritual, and social

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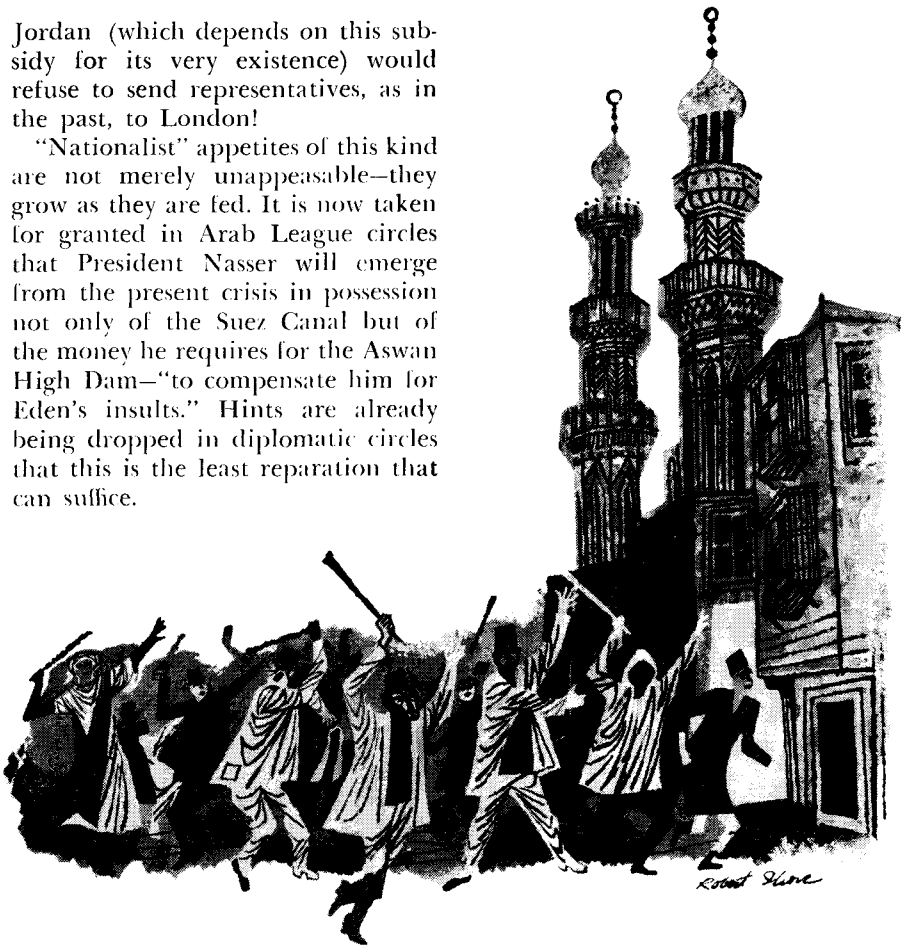
no man's land—into a wilderness fertile only in negativeness and despair.

Hating Everybody

The trigger action that most frequently sets off these three interacting influences is economic. The masses are not strong enough to extort positive action from their rulers to relieve their abysmal poverty—and they would not know what positive action to demand even if they were. They rally, therefore, behind negative slogans supplied by more or less educated demagogues, and lend themselves to demonstrations that tend all too easily to espouse destructive ends. Scapegoats are named—the British, the French, the Christians, the Jews, America—but by a cumulative process the "enemy" is soon enlarged to take in foreigners and infidels generally, Levantine Arabs with ostentatiously Occidental tastes, and finally, if matters get out of hand, organized society as such. Recent demonstrations of this all-engulfing kind in Iraq, Egypt, and Jordan were suppressed only by the sternest military measures.

Nowhere has the character of Levantine-Arab nationalism been more revealingly displayed than in Jordan, regarded by the Foreign Office as recently as three or four years ago as the model Arab state. Last January the headquarters of an American Quaker pilot project to raise rural living standards, the site of much devoted effort, was attacked and looted. More recently, a British medical mission serving two thousand infants within the framework of the Save the Children fund had its clinic attacked and then was accused of giving its charges poisoned food. General Glubb, after being ignominiously bundled out, was accused *in absentia* by King Hussein of embezzling Arab Legion funds; personal effects he was unable to take with him were seized and sold by the Jordanian government. The Jordanian Finance Minister has informed Arab reporters that, in order to "humiliate" Britain, the British Treasury has been told that the annual Anglo-Jordanian finance talks, which arrange the details of Britain's $35-million subsidy to Jordan, must this year be held in Amman: Jordan (which depends on this subsidy for its very existence) would refuse to send representatives, as in the past, to London!

"Nationalist" appetites of this kind are not merely unappeasable—they grow as they are fed. It is now taken for granted in Arab League circles that President Nasser will emerge from the present crisis in possession not only of the Suez Canal but of the money he requires for the Aswan High Dam—"to compensate him for Eden's insults." Hints are already being dropped in diplomatic circles that this is the least reparation that can suffice.



Once Suez is disposed of, the betting can be opened on whether Iraqi or Arabian oil will be the first to be nationalized. Iraqi nationalists were chanting "First the [Anglo-Iraqi] Treaty, then the oil" in Baghdad four years ago. The treaty has already gone, superseded by the less substantial Baghdad Pact, and only the aging Nuri es Saïd stands guardian over the oil. British business circles are already reconciling themselves in advance to its loss and comforting themselves with the thought that, as the Manchester *Guardian* has put it, although "the West may have to pay more for its oil . . . the great safeguard is that the Arab states must sell it in order to be prosperous."

Can any real comfort be found, however, in even this backhanded optimism? In Saudi Arabia, for instance, King Saud and his brothers are undoubtedly profoundly attached to their oil revenues. But if they are overthrown in the near future it will almost certainly be by a puritanical military-religious coalition that would probably take delight in an act of financial self-denial aimed at embarrassing the West. Even oil workers have declared their willingness to throw themselves out of employment by destroying their wells "if the national cause so demands."

There is, moreover, a considerable amount of jealousy within the Arab world between the states that are major oil producers and those that are not. The latter, in particular Egypt and Syria, are likely to seize every opportunity from now on of putting moral pressure on the "haves" to cut off their oil on the slightest pretext.

Levantine-Arab nationalism will no doubt outgrow its present nihilistic stage some day, but for the next decade, at least, it seems likely to present the West with a wearying succession of headaches. The West can do little but put its faith in time, economic improvement, sympathy—and firmness. It might not be a bad idea for states like Britain to quadruple their investments in atomic energy.

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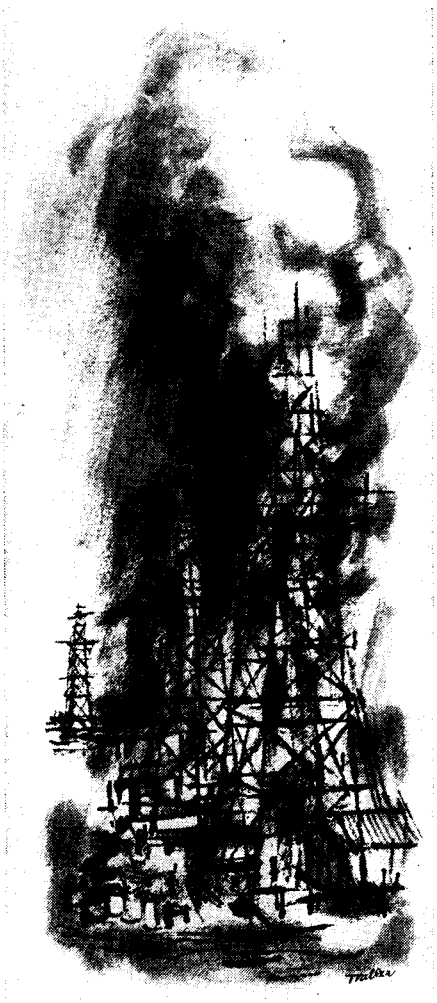
The Pint-Size Potentates Of the Persian Gulf

J. H. HUIZINGA

ALONG the steaming shore of the Persian Gulf there reign a baker's dozen of bush-league potentates who among them could cause the free world almost as much trouble as the full-size dictator President Nasser can inflict on it by his control of the Suez Canal. Yet even the biggest of them, Abdullah al Salim al Sabah, K.C.M.G., C.I.E., Sheik of Kuwait, rules only some 150,000 subjects. The rest of his colleagues put together rule over some 300,000 more. Furthermore, until very recently their countries were among the poorest in the world, bits and pieces of flat desert, so arid, empty, and valueless that for some no proper borders have been surveyed. Only by pearl diving, boatbuilding, and coastal trading did their populations somehow manage to keep alive. Only by the accident of history to which these territories owe their status as British protectorates did their rulers manage to keep them from being swallowed up by one or another of their neighbors—Saudi Arabia, Iraq, and Iran.

In the days when the coastal sheiks still made their living by piracy and slaving, imperial Britain had found it expedient as well as virtuous to extend the discipline of the Pax Britannica to the Persian Gulf. It concluded a series of treaties with the sheikdoms whereby this fringe of what has since become Saudi Arabia came under British protection. And there, in the heart of a Middle East dedicated to the new order of independence and nationalism, the old British order still remains. There is a Political Resident with headquarters on the little island of Bahrain who personifies the protecting power; there are native levies led by British officers, as well as a small naval force; on public buildings the Union Jack flies next to the standard of the local ruler. All is much as it used to be in the princely states of India.

As things have turned out, the local rulers have every reason to be grateful for the maintenance of these enclaves of the Pax Britannica. Touched by the wand of western capital, their soil suddenly surrendered its long-hidden wealth, making its sheiks into miniature monarchs, responsible to nobody except



Allah and rich beyond their wildest dreams.

The Sheik of Kuwait, who before the war had to make do with tax proceeds amounting to $132,000 a year, now receives some $260 million annually from the oil produced by the Anglo-American company to which he has given a concession. Divided among a population of 150,000 (in recent years nearly doubled by an influx from all sides) this would work out to an unearned income of $8,665 a year per family of five. H.H. Ali bin Abdullah al Thani, the ruler of 20,000 subjects in another piece of desert known as Qatar, has an income from oil that works out to $10,500 per family of five. Compared with them the Saudis and Iraqis, for whom the comparable index is $210, are but beggarly neighbors—to say nothing of the "have-nots" in Syria, Jordan, or Egypt.

Holding the Heirlooms

It was, of course, this discovery of vast oil reserves that suddenly brought the pint-size potentates of the Persian Gulf onto the world stage. Today the British-protected Sheikdoms of Kuwait, Bahrain, and Qatar control no less than forty per cent of the current production of Middle Eastern oil on which Europe, Africa, and Asia now rely almost entirely for their liquid-fuel requirements. Hence Britain's determination to cling to these heirlooms of its imperial past.

That determination was forcefully demonstrated in October, 1955, when Britain used its native levies to occupy the oasis of Buraimi, which, because of its strategic position rather than the as yet unproved presence of oil in the surrounding region, was in dispute between King Saud of Arabia and two British protégés—the Sheik of Abu Dhabi and the Sultan of Muscat.

Lest there be any misunderstanding about Britain's position, Minister of State Anthony Nutting explained to the House of Commons in March of this year that it was "the intention of Her Majesty's Government to stand firm in the Persian Gulf; let there be no doubt that we shall take any steps that are necessary to sustain our position and our friends, the Rulers of the Persian Gulf States."

Thus, by laying claim to Buraimi, two obscure tribal chieftains, the sheik of the strip of desert known as Abu Dhabi and his somewhat more grandiose neighbor of Muscat, had embroiled Britain not only with Saudi Arabia but also with the

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Map by Starworth

United States. For Washington has interests to defend on both sides of the fence, not only in Saudi Arabia, whose oil is exploited by the hundred per cent American-owned Aramco, but also in British-protected Kuwait, where American companies own half a share of the business; in Bahrain, where they own it entirely; and in the rest of the coast, where their share amounts to 23.5 per cent. The State Department therefore tries to keep in well with the rulers on all sides and has little sympathy for Britain's policy of backing the little oil kings of the Gulf against the big one of Arabia.

Free Teeth or Freedom

There is no telling, of course, which of these two divergent policies will best serve the common cause of keeping the Arabian oil available to the free world. It is clear, however, that both the American and the British defenders of this vital interest find themselves in a very awkward position in that both are compelled to rely on régimes that are thoroughgoing anachronisms.

Take Kuwait, by far the most important of Britain's protégés, accounting as it does for eighty-eight per cent of all British-produced oil. In the constitutional domain there is little to choose between this small principality and Saudi Arabia. But while the Kuwaitis are politically as far behind the times as the Saudis, economically and socially they have become strikingly up to date.

In fact, the little welfare state with which their benevolent ruler has equipped them is more generous than many of its most advanced European prototypes. Education is not only free but is given in luxurious modern schools where free uniforms and free meals are provided. Furthermore, parents receive $65 a year as an incentive to send their children to school. Some eighty-five highly paid doctors, many of them Egyptians and Palestinians, look after the health of the roughly 150,000 people now living in Kuwait, none of whom has to pay for their services or those of the brand-new, magnificently equipped hospitals. Even false teeth and glasses are free.

So at least I was told by a half-brother of the ruler who acts as Minister of Health as well as heading several other departments. "What is freedom?" he exclaimed rhetorically when I referred to its absence in Kuwait. "Don't we give our people everything they could ask for?" In the material sense the régime does indeed seem to do just that. And so vast are the revenues derived by this city-state from its oil that even after disbursements for all the schools and hospitals and water-distillation plants and royal palaces, some thirty per cent is left for the reserve fund that has been formed to keep Kuwait going when the oil ceases to flow

Muezzins on Tape

Compared with Al Kuwait, which is rapidly being transformed into a modern city by feverish private as well as public building, the capital of Qatar, another British protectorate some four hundred miles to the south, is only beginning to wake up from its immemorial slumber in the hot sun. True, Doha too will soon have its $8-million hospital, originally designed on such a luxurious scale that the Qataris (whose women do not take off the black leather masks that serve them as veils even on their sickbeds) would be spared the indignity of lying ill in public wards. And Doha, whose ruler Ali bin Abdullah al Thani began to come into the big money only three or four years ago, is also rapidly getting its modern schools.

But there are still many signs of the old order with here and there a most incongruous admixture of the new. The sheik, a pious member of the strict Wahabi sect, still seats himself every afternoon on steps outside the white palace by the blue Gulf, where his two steam yachts lie at anchor, to distribute largess to the needy. He still lives in the palace of his ancestors though he has made various improvements. He has delineated its arched entrance in lurid red neon lights so that it now looks like a night club. He has embellished the two squat round towers that form two corners of the palace wall by erecting on their roofs what can only be described as gigantic bedsprings—also in red neon. There is a new minaret, from whose top the recorded voice of a muezzin now blares a call to prayer five times a day.

One of the sheik's cousins, who invited me to lunch, came to fetch me with a procession of three American cars. After ninety minutes' drive through the empty stony desert we arrived at his headquarters. It turned out to be not one of those hideous new villas that the Arabian *nouveaux riches* of Kuwait, Riyadh, or Jedda delight in, but an old-fashioned Bedouin tent where we squatted on a rug, dug our fingers

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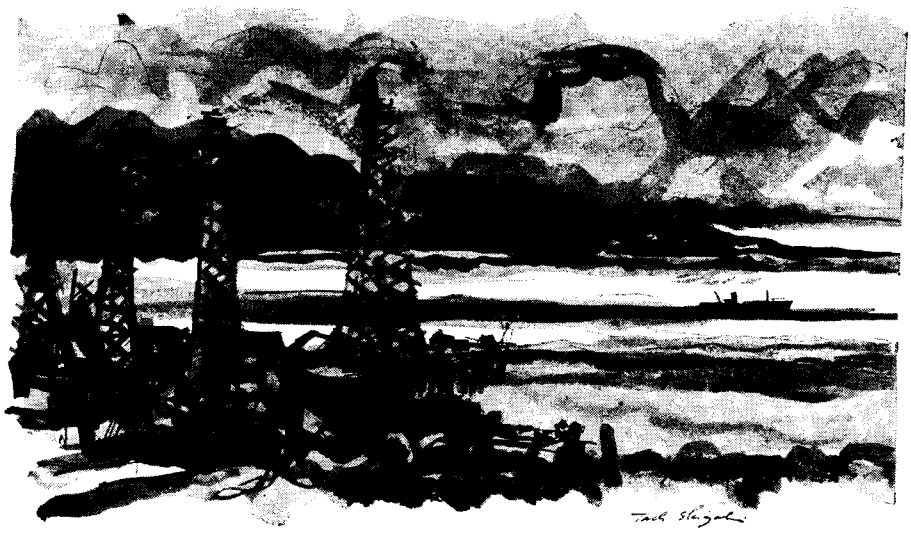


into a whole roast sheep, and admired our host's prize possession, a falcon that had cost him $1,500.

Yet while outwardly the old order might still seem to be largely intact, little imagination is required to realize that here, as in Kuwait, its foundations threaten to be washed away by the ever-mounting flood of oil money.

Is it really conceivable that the 20,000 Qataris could maintain their present privileged position as the richest people in the world for very long? And is it likely that they will remain content to leave the disposal of their country's oil revenues, which rose from zero in 1948 to a million dollars in 1950 and $42 million in 1955, entirely to its autocratic ruler? The answer seems inescapable. Somehow, and sooner rather than later, the revolutionary change in the economic position of these miniature desert kingdoms is bound to cause equally profound changes in their political status, both internal and external.

Political Awakening

As regards the latter, however, there is one retarding factor at work. It is particularly noticeable on the island of Bahrain, whose 115,000 inhabitants have been enjoying the benefits of oil revenues—though on a much more modest scale than in Kuwait or Qatar—ever since the middle 1930's. A generation has grown up that is no longer prepared to accept the benevolent but nonetheless absolute rule of the hereditary sheik. But while everywhere else the process of political awakening has gone hand in hand with a growing nationalism aiming at the elimination of all foreign political influence, this latter development has been conspicuously absent in the British protectorates of the Persian Gulf. "The last thing we want," one of the leading reformers said to me in Bahrain last spring, "is to get rid of the British." Much the same sentiments were expressed to me in Kuwait.

Without British protection none of these little principalities, now become so rich, would stand much chance of maintaining its independence. And if they were to lose it and had to share their wealth with their much poorer Saudi Arabian neighbor, not only their rulers but also their peoples would be much worse off, both economically and politically. For in Saudi Arabia there are no Political Residents and Political Advisers to push the ruler gently in the direction of sharing his wealth with his subjects and relaxing his autocratic grip.

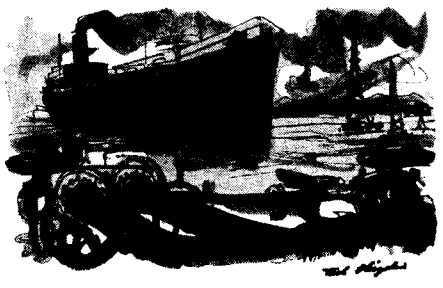
The Bahraini quoted above put it to me succinctly: "If it had not been for the presence of the British, the ruler might well have hanged us long ago." As things are, his movement, known as the National Executive Committee, has already achieved some notable gains. Though the ruler, H.H. Sheik Sulman bin Hamad al Khalifah, K.C.M.G., K.C.I.E., still refuses to recognize it or have any official dealings with it, he has nonetheless yielded to more than one of its demands. For some months past the 115,000 Bahrainis have had the honor of being the first Arabs in the whole of the peninsula to elect representatives who are allowed to have their say in two branches of the central government—health and education. They have also elected municipal councils and are in process of getting a thoroughly modern labor law.

These are democratic luxuries totally lacking in Saudi Arabia, where strikers go to jail or get thirty stripes and where the system of government is still totally autocratic. As the local leaders in Bahrain well know, democratic features would be lacking in their own territory, too, if it were not for the presence of the British.

Wanted: One Adviser

For thirty-three years Bahrain has in fact been ruled by a British administrator who, however conservative he may have been, was more susceptible to the demands for education and its inevitable consequence, democratic evolution, than the sheik. It was not the Political Resident himself—the official British representative on the spot—who acted in this capacity. He has normally avoided interfering in the internal affairs of the sheikdoms. But it was thanks to the "persuasion" of one of his predecessors that the sheik who ruled Bahrain in 1923—and ruled it very badly—was induced to place an advertisement in the *Times* of London asking for a "Political Adviser."

Charles Belgrave, a British subject, answered the advertisement and got the job. As hired servant of the sheik he remained entirely independent of the British government and its Political Resident, though he was knighted four years ago. Because everyone knew that Sir Charles was the one who really held the reins, he naturally ended up by becoming the target for every malcontent. So



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the man who had done more than anyone else to give the Bahrainis education was recently compelled to resign under the pressure of his beneficiaries, who demanded democratic reforms at a more rapid rate than Sir Charles, cautious and conservative in his old age, felt justified in recommending to the sheik. The grievances of the National Executive Committee which led to seemingly anti-British demonstrations were directed not against the British in their role as protector but against the private Briton and official of the sheik who stood in the Committee's way.

Autocracy in Kuwait

In Kuwait, to say nothing of sleepy Qatar or the rest of the sheikdoms where so far no oil has been found, there is no comparable advance toward democracy. The explanation is partly that Kuwait's oil wealth, and hence its educational progress, is of much more recent origin than Bahrain's and partly that the ruler of Kuwait has had no Sir Charles Belgrave to run his city-state for him. He employs only a Financial Adviser (British, of course) whose influence in the state does not seem to extend beyond the purely financial domain. Unlike the Sheik of Bahrain, who first delegated most of his power to his Political Adviser and in consequence found himself at a later stage compelled to begin to share it with his own subjects, the ruler of Kuwait is still very much master in his own house. Though British-protected, he even keeps his own army, numbering no fewer than three thousand men, to back up his autocratic rule over his 150,000 subjects.

AT ANY RATE, until Nasser threw the whole Arab world into a renewed fit of anti-western turmoil with his bold coup in Suez, there had been little sign of the nationalist fever catching on the sheikdoms. The British had better look out, for there are plenty of carpetbaggers about—the numerous Egyptian and Palestinian teachers, doctors, architects, and even hired administrators who, attracted by the fabulous prosperity of places like Kuwait and Qatar, are now active around the Persian Gulf.

The Future of 'the Party Of the Future'

1. The Nixon Problem Is Not Yet Settled

AUGUST HECKSCHER

ALTHOUGH one may complain about the stage-managing and ghost writing at the Republican convention in San Francisco, one should not overlook the important fact that behind it all was a refreshing effort to give the proceedings a distinctly liberal slant. The President's acceptance speech was a fitting climax, bringing the future within the scope of a party that not long ago had seemed irrevocably hitched to the rhetoric of the past.

And yet I suspect that I am not the only supporter of Mr. Eisenhower who was left, after the cheering had died away, with a disturbing sense of uneasiness. Not everything was as well with the party as appeared on the surface. In a way, the triumph of the new forces had been too complete. The unanimity, one could not help feeling, had been overdone. Lack of dissent with regard to the candidate for the Presidency was to be expected—but not with regard to the choice of a Vice-Presidential candidate and to every other phase of the business.

Where were the real differences within the party being discussed and fought out? Days of speechmaking gave almost no hint that within the house of Republicanism there still dwells the old Adam of reaction which has plagued the party through most of its existence. The stillness at San Francisco was less that of an enemy vanquished or even cowed than of one patiently biding his time.

The Faith of Leonard Hall

In accepting the nomination, the President pictured the Republicans as "the party of the future." A supremely honest man, he probably did not mean this as a literal description of things as they are. The party, as he conceives it in his happiest, nonpolitical moments, is one *with* a future—a party, that is, with the tendencies he represents made dominant and permanent. He is himself fully aware of the reconstruction and reform that Republicanism still must undergo.

The difficulty of this task was underscored at the time of each of the President's two illnesses. For terrible months in one case, terrible weeks in the other, Republicans were left with the realization that if Mr. Ei-

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senhower did not run, no one representing his point of view was likely to succeed him. The danger was not merely that of fierce factional fights among men of diverse views aspiring to the top post. It was the more ominous danger of fights among men all of whom represent a cause basically different from Mr. Eisenhower's. Senator Knowland was the most outspoken of those who desired to make the race; and Mr. Knowland has at least had the honesty never to conceal his convictions. Vice-President Nixon, who in all probability would have been Mr. Knowland's major antagonist, has simply not been able to convey the impression that in any deep or consistent way he is for the same things as his chief.

As the President reasserted his decision to run after each illness, Mr. Nixon became the object of worries that were to an equal degree

deeply felt and unpublicized. There is every reason to believe that the President would have liked a frank re-examination of the whole question of the Vice-Presidency. He undoubtedly hoped that the consequence of this re-examination would be a second term for the man who had served him in difficult assignments and for whom he had developed a paternal affection. Yet the President is always anxious to follow the popular will, in so far as it is expressed through the legislature or through the party. He must have known, too, that in the circumstances of his own second term the choice of a Vice-President necessarily became something more than a matter of personal preference. The chances of the Vice-President's coming into the highest office are of a kind that make it urgently desirable for the candidate to be backed by the widest possible confidence and to have come to his position as the result of as free and open a choice as the processes of our democracy allow.

President Eisenhower might well have succeeded in freeing the selection of the Vice-Presidential candidate, except that every time he opened the door half an inch, National Chairman Leonard Hall slammed it shut. We now have Mr. Hall's word for the fact that from the earliest moment following the President's heart attack he was possessed of a firm "faith" that the ticket would once again be Eisenhower and Nixon. He labored with single-minded efforts to make that faith materialize: The very demand for an open Vice-Presidential nomination created a stampede for Nixon. In the end the circumstances of the 1952 campaign controversy over the Nixon fund were repeated. For then too Mr. Eisenhower had wanted to give serious consideration to all the facts surrounding Mr. Nixon—and he had surrendered to overwhelming pressures.

Liberals Immobilized

Whatever chance the President might have had of prevailing against Mr. Hall, his second illness closed the issue. With attention focused on the President's health, the Republicans could not admit that a change in the Vice-Presidency was a thing to be considered. If Nixon had been good enough for the party after the heart attack, he must be equally good after the ileitis operation. To suggest otherwise was to give substance to the grave doubts which were at that time troubling the public mind.

Harold Stassen must have known that his chances of replacing Mr. Nixon with Governor Herter were extremely slim, yet he may have hoped that by dramatizing the issue he could strengthen the liberal wing of his party and lay the groundwork for a decisive stand in 1960. He took a big gamble, for as far as this most crucial year of 1956 is concerned, his intervention had the effect of condemning the whole liberal wing to silence and impotence.

Obviously there had been concern among liberal Republicans about Nixon as the second-term Vice-Presidential candidate. Except for the President's illness they would very probably have spoken out. Except for Stassen even their silence could at least have been construed as dissent or doubt. But once Stassen had made his ill-prepared and ill-timed move, they were drawn into a solid front with the party's right wing, their power clipped, and their role of responsibility denied.

Governor Herter had not consented to nominate Mr. Nixon, though invited to do so by Mr. Hall, until Mr. Stassen had precipitated his little crisis and the President had reinforced the invitation with a personal plea. Mr. Stassen himself should have known that his intervention could scarcely have led to anything except his own appearance on the rostrum to make a seconding speech for the man he had opposed with weighty arguments.

Where Does Nixon Stand?

Yet the struggle over the Vice-Presidency is not ended. It has now become a struggle over the political personality that can be attributed to Mr. Nixon—or that Mr. Nixon can attribute to himself. We shall perhaps soon be witnessing the results. It is very probable that Mr. Nixon, either sobered by the responsibility of his position or as part of the arrangements for getting the nomination unopposed, agreed to abandon the extreme campaign tactics which were in part the cause of his being so controversial a political figure. Some say that former Governor Dewey exacted a pledge of restraint in return for his enthusiastic support of Mr. Nixon. Others, remembering the extraordinarily bitter form of attack Mr. Dewey used

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against Senator Sparkman and Mr. Harriman in two successive campaigns, suggest that Mr. Dewey assured Nixon there was no need for low-level campaigning—because he would take care of that himself.

Whatever the precise facts, it must be asked whether the kind of campaign Mr. Nixon wages—low-level or high-level, bland or vitriolic—is of crucial importance. Is the form of his campaigning the basic cause for the mistrust with which so many look upon the Vice-Presidential candidate?

The widespread feeling that Nixon had gone beyond the limits of fairness in his Western speeches of 1954 certainly has something to do with that mistrust. So has the feeling that in his famous "Checkers" broadcast of 1952 he exploited decent American sentiments to save his political skin. But these, after all, are only surface indications of causes that go much deeper. At bottom there is doubt as to whether the Vice-Presidential nominee has the type of character that would make his elevation to the Presidency anything but a most disconcerting risk. There is doubt, furthermore, whether he can make a meaningful claim to belong to the Eisenhower wing of the party.

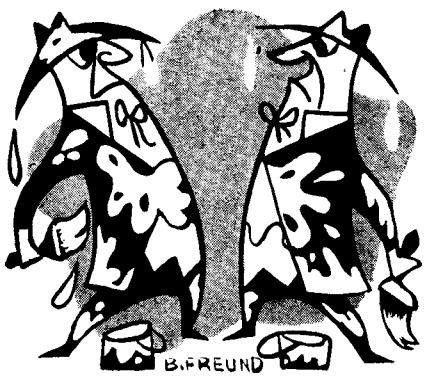
MR. NIXON is not in opposition to Eisenhower Republicanism in the way, for example, that Senator Taft was, or even that Senator Knowland is today. He does not want primarily to change the dominant direction of policy or to reverse existing courses of action. Mr. Nixon is too intelligent and too ambitious to want to change anything that is proving so politically successful as the Eisenhower program. His opposition is of a different and more subtle kind, and his relation to the party's right wing is likewise subtle.

It is not easy to state precisely the grounds of this opposition. But I think it is accurate to say that the danger lies in the fact that Mr. Nixon is cynical whereas Mr. Eisenhower has been singularly pure and disinterested in motive. Mr. Nixon deliberately manipulates public opinion, while Mr. Eisenhower has sensitively reflected it. The creation of a consensus of the middle, which has been Mr. Eisenhower's explicit goal, lends itself to easy abuses—to demagogy, to exploitation of the more crude types of publicity and advertising, to anti-intellectualism and to a calculated appeal to false emotionalism. The President has been accused of falling into these traps, but his instinctive respect for others has in the main kept him safe. It is with a less gifted or scrupulous man that the middle way tends to breed its special form of extremism.

'The Center Will Not Hold'

Each type of political leadership, as Aristotle noted, is subject to its own form of debasement. The politics of Franklin Roosevelt, which at its best succeeded in evoking the claims of diverse groups and weaving them into a version of the common good, deteriorated under those who followed him into a divisive factionalism. Governor Harriman at Chicago gave a parody—fortunately harmless—of the original Roosevelt method. Similarly the politics of consensus is subject to corruption; and the Vice-President is temperamentally inclined to develop the worst possibilities—that kind of consensus which is achieved by unprincipled synthetic manipulation.

The group politics of Roosevelt, in the hands of his followers, led the Democratic Party to the left. The moving equilibrium, the creative balance that the old master had successfully maintained gave way to an alliance with certain of the most clamorous, united, and politically powerful segments of voters. The politics of consensus, by a comparable process, can lead a party toward the right, once its original inspiration declines and the genius of a great leader is supplanted by the ambitions of those who aspire to his power. In this generalization we have a clue, I suggest, to the affinity between Mr. Nixon and the party's right wing.



For Mr. Nixon is not a man of conservative principles. He is not, for that matter, a man of principle at all. He is a highly intelligent, ruthless political operator, aware that his party cannot maintain itself in office except as it appeals to a vast modern-minded electorate, and ready to use all the tools of mass persuasion and mass manipulation to make that appeal effective. He gravitates naturally to the men of power, to the Old Guard that keeps its hand on the party machine, to the political managers, and to the various elites in the social order that have learned how to influence the enormous market place of contemporary democracy. Mr. Nixon is the darling of the organizers and managers, as was demonstrated in the events leading up to San Francisco. They recognize him as one of their own kind, one for whom power is more important than ideology, results more important than means.

In this way he is fatally alienated from representatives of the party's liberal wing, even though on many matters of detail he might appear to be no less forward-looking than they.

A New Republicanism?

With Nixon assured of the second place on the ticket, the Old Guard at San Francisco could afford to wait and be silent. They saw that the decisive battle would be fought out during the second term, and they believed that they held the essential cards.

In his self-imposed task of making his own concepts prevail, Mr. Eisenhower's weapons are still far from negligible. He has his immense hold upon Americans, who have honored him for a great career and loved him for his innate decency. He will have, in the event of an electoral victory, the authority of success renewed. But President Eisenhower has not in the past been able to turn such advantages to much use in day-to-day political battles. The President is at his best as a mediator where the highest issues are at stake, as an influence for good amid a flux of evils. It is possible that his very detachment could turn a second

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term into a personal triumph. But almost certainly it would not be the sort of triumph that sets a permanent mark upon the organization of a party.

The difficulties of a lasting Republican reformation are increased by the haziness of the concepts that have characterized the Administration. A man's influence passes except as it is embodied in an organization or is the expression of ideas. Yet President Eisenhower until now has relied upon an amorphous vision of the general good; variations upon the theme of "moderate progressivism" (or "progressive moderation") have been its only definitions.

For all its uses of the arts of public relations, the Eisenhower Administration as a whole has been singularly inarticulate in relating what it is doing to any of the larger currents of the American political tradition. Recently, however, in the person of Arthur Larson, Under Secretary of Labor, the party has found a philosopher, and the President seems thoroughly pleased with the acquisition. Mr. Larson's book, *A Republican Looks at His Party,* is urbanely argued; it is often telling and it is nearly always enlightened. It seeks to provide precisely the underpinning that the transformation of Republicanism requires and has heretofore lacked.

"A distinct and coherent political movement of which President Eisenhower is the architect and embodiment, but which is capable of *existence and growth independent of him*"—this is what Mr. Larson discerns (my italics) in the New Republicanism. That movement, however, seems tied to a narrow and very special set of circumstances. Every political philosophy is in some measure a reflection of its times; Mr. Larson's is a reflection of the peak prosperity of the past few years. It assumes the persistence of prosperity; it draws almost all its rules of conduct from that assumption. Little room is left in his theory for those really difficult choices which are called for when the economy is not in balance and when dislocations are not confined in area and largely self-adjusting. Little is done to forestall that paralysis of action which may occur when some genuinely new factor, such as the Salk vaccine, enters into the picture. Finally, it omits foreign policy altogether.

Mr. Larson, as one of the President's principal speechwriters, will have a chance to elaborate his ideas in the campaign. Along with Emmet Hughes, the ghost who talked at San Francisco, he will be injecting fresh intellectual content into the campaign. This is all to the good. From these sources we have already derived the concept (buttressed by a fine quotation from Ibsen) of a party "in league with the future." The difficulty is that whatever else the Republican Party may be in league with, it is irrevocably in league with its Vice-Presidential candidate.

2. The Disarming Of President Eisenhower

MAURICE KLAIN

THE Twenty-second Amendment to the Constitution, a desperate retroactive attempt by the Republicans to deny Franklin D. Roosevelt his third and fourth terms, may very well boomerang and find its first victim in a Republican. If General Eisenhower is elected for a second term, he will be the first President in our history forbidden by law to run for a third. He will enter the White House disarmed completely of the power of his availability. This simple legal fact is at least as important to the political future of the President and his party as his age, uncertain heart, or what he called a "bellyache."

A President in office who can run again is always a formidable force in politics. Even if he has secretly decided not to run, he is a man to be reckoned with by Congress, both parties, the country at large, and indeed the whole world. The mere possibility that he could be a candidate again is enough to reinforce all his Constitutional powers, compelling respect and support for his legislative demands, strengthening his diplomatic enterprises both at home and abroad.

A President in office who cannot run again will be a man diminished in power and influence, a political has-been right from the start. His legislative requests can be ignored and his foreign policy by-passed while the members of his own party look around for new leadership.

The Twenty-second Amendment was one of the triumphs of the Republican Eightieth Congress. As an example of how a legislature can act with speed and boldness, scorning the dull rigmarole of prolonged debate and hearings, it was a remarkable achievement. The framers of the Constitution had devoted much thought to the problem of Presidential tenure, approaching it with caution, examining it from every angle, and pondering the lessons of the past. They concluded at length that no hard-and-fast rule should be set down. George Washington expressed their final judgment: "I can see no propriety in precluding

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ourselves from the services of any man who, on some great emergency, shall be deemed universally most capable of serving the public." During the next 160 years, seventy-nine Congresses shied away from all attempts—nearly three hundred were made—to improve upon the wisdom of the Founding Fathers.

The Eightieth Congress was different. Manned by the first Republican majority since the heyday of Herbert Hoover, it was in no mood for pussyfooting. The members had scarcely found their seats at the opening of the first session on January 3, 1947, when Republican leaders in the House of Representatives introduced the two-term limit. Speaker Joe Martin hailed it as the "first important measure" of his party's renaissance. The leadership insisted that there was no need for hearings. The House endorsed this basic change in the Presidency after a few hours of consideration by a subcommittee and two more of debate on the floor. Not to be outdone, the Senate revealed an unsuspected power to move with dispatch and managed to record the necessary two-thirds majority in record time.

By January, 1951, twenty-six states had ratified the Amendment, but the band wagon had slowed down. Anxiously the Republican National Committee took counsel in Washington. "If this vital ratification is not finished in 1951," a committee member warned, "it will probably fail." Party stalwarts went to work on lackadaisical legislators, and within a month the Amendment was law. At last the Republicans had scored a victory over Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Down with the Presidency!

But it was something more than a personal attack on one man. The Twenty-second Amendment is just an incident in one of the oldest continuing wars of American politics —Presidential leadership versus Congressional supremacy.

From Jackson on, the strong Presidents assumed national leadership as a right established and a duty imposed by the national character of their election. The man in the White House, they contended, voices far more faithfully than Congress the will of a national majority. Con-

gress is an aggregation of men representing conflicting local interests. The President alone, Jackson pointed out, is "the Elect of the People at Large." He is their spokesman and watch against special claims and pressures.

Jackson's view has become the dominant tradition of the office, but it has never gone unchallenged. From their eminence on Capitol Hill the seniors of Congress--committee chairmen and the grandees of the Senate—have denounced it, proclaiming instead the Whig principle of legislative supremacy. The principle takes its name from the party of Clay and Webster, which fought Jacksonian "usurpation." Today its chief proponents are the Republican Old Guard—Bridges, Knowland, Bricker, and others of their stripe.

"There is," Senator William Jenner said recently, "one fundamental idea which underlies the structure of our governmental machinery—the unwavering distrust of a strong Executive. . . . Congress was established as the eyes, ears, and the voice of the people. It performs the noblest function of government; that of making the laws. The function of the Executive is to put those laws into effect exactly as Congress wrote them. Nothing more." To Jenner, Congress is "the higher tribunal." There should be "complete dependence of the Executive on the approval of the Congress."

WHAT THEN is the Whig image of a good President? He is a pea from the same pod as Buchanan, Grant, and Harding. He waits for the notables on Capitol Hill to take the lead. He is "above politics"—a decorative figure.

Unhappily for Congressional supremacists, Presidents often are unwilling to play their role this way. Hence the effort in recent years to chop the office down to Whig specifications. The choppers rely heavily upon the amending process, over which, because of gerrymandered state legislatures, they enjoy a disproportionate influence. Best known is the Bricker proposal to limit Presidential authority in diplomatic relations. The even more radical Mundt plan to revise the electoral-college system aims at reducing urban power in Presidential contests, thus redirecting and perhaps reducing Executive energies. The Twenty-second Amendment is part of a concerted plan to weaken the Presidency.

A Lame Duck for Four Years

"If he leads the nation," Woodrow Wilson said, "his party can hardly resist him." But now, no matter how popular a President may be, he will find it increasingly difficult during a second term to transform his mass appeal into an instrument of party command. By running a second time he may rescue the party from almost certain defeat. But he can never do it again, and so from the party's point of view he is finished.

The coattail riders, who may have hung on for their political lives, have nothing further to gain. The party seniors, always jealous of their rank and privilege, may have tried to restrain themselves in hopes the President would help them win chairmanships and other prizes. But once that is done, restraint is unnecessary.

Factional strife impends. The President's unifying influence, once a shield against this peril, is gone with his availability. Liberals, conservatives, and reactionaries will renew their bitter feuding. Those who have the Presidential itch themselves will become ungovernable. So long as the President could seek re-election he could also name his successor. "Take Taft or you'll get me," Theodore Roosevelt told Republicans in 1908. The "inevitable consequence" of forbidding a third term by law, as John Quincy Adams forecast, will be to make the second term "a scene of continuous and furious electioneering." There will be a four-year war of succession.

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The tumult will surely shake the President's authority and prestige in foreign affairs. As his second term advances, his right to make and receive commitments will be doubted and assailed. In Mr. Eisenhower's case the isolationists and the Asia Firsters in his party can be expected to defy him increasingly. In this situation the President's influence abroad is sure to decline. Premiers and potentates will care less and less about traveling to a crumbling "summit."

'He'll Be All Used Up'

No wonder Presidents have been tight-lipped, jocular, mysterious, teasing—everything but forthright about plans for the next election. Most have willingly left the office after a second term. But they have valued their freedom of choice—the power to run again or not—as a prime source of influence. "My decision not to be a candidate for re-election in 1952," Harry Truman has revealed, "goes back to . . . my inauguration in 1949. . . . I now was certain that I would not run again. But I could not share this decision with anyone. By the very nature of his office this is one secret a President must keep to himself to the last possible moment."

But hereafter no second-term President can enjoy such mystery. None can so fully dominate the scene. Others will elbow the President aside, seize the spotlight, and focus interest and curiosity upon themselves. Nor can a second-term President serve his party as Mr. Eisenhower did by saying "Yes" on leap-year day. The President's word in February saved the G.O.P. from civil war. Only his availability kept the Old Guard at bay, forestalling eruptions in Congress, in primaries, in the convention, perhaps in the campaign.

WHY DOES Mr. Eisenhower want a second term? He has said he wants another crack at "reforming" his party. Can he succeed? Fat chance. His tormentors in Congress will be back in full cry after November. As an old Taft man put it: "I won't give a damn about Ike the day after election. He's our meal ticket now. Once we're in, the hell with him. He'll be all used up. He can't run again."

3. Where Are The 'Eisenhower Republicans?'

JOHN R. SCHMIDHAUSER

How effective have President Eisenhower's attempts at liberalizing his party been during his first term?

To begin with, it must be realized that continued control of a national political party does not depend on direction from the top alone. It requires control of most of the individual state party organizations as well. The state organizations ordinarily set the tone and temper of the Congressional delegations. Consequently, the struggles for control of the state organizations between liberal and conservative Republicans in recent state conventions, state central committee meetings, and primary elections provide a fairly accurate measure of the possible enduring effects of Mr. Eisenhower's attempts at liberalization.

Few Republicans, whether liberal or conservative, were unwilling to support Mr. Eisenhower's candidacy in 1956. Therefore the only available criteria for distinguishing liberal from conservative Republicans are support or rejection of the main outlines of Mr. Eisenhower's policies or political philosophy.

Failure to recognize this led Richard Wilson, in a recent article in *Look*, to claim that the President had appreciably changed his party because "Forty-one state chairmen, whose loyalties were mixed, have now been replaced by solid Eisenhower men." Loyalty to Mr. Eisenhower, the winning candidate, is not synonymous with support of his legislative program or political philosophy.

The East

An examination of key internal party organization battles in the East seems to reveal, at first glance, some formidable liberal Republican strength.

The New York organization is largely in the hands of Deweyites. Control of Massachusetts and Connecticut is retained by such supporters of the Eisenhower type of liberalism as Governor Christian A. Herter and Senators Leverett Saltonstall and Prescott Bush.

Of course, even before Mr. Eisenhower's candidacy in 1952 the East was generally considered the center of Republican liberalism. But cur-

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rently, as in the past, Eastern Republicanism is shot through with conservatism.

Four years of the Eisenhower Presidency have strengthened rather than weakened the control of the Styles Bridges organization in New Hampshire. Maryland's Republicanism remains an anomaly. The organization led by liberal Governor Theodore R. McKeldin steadfastly supports the senatorial candidacy of John Marshall Butler, whose campaigning methods and legislative career remain far removed from the goals of Eisenhower liberalism. Recent attempts in New York to dislodge such ultraconservative Congressmen as Ralph W. Gwinn and John Taber in primary elections have failed.

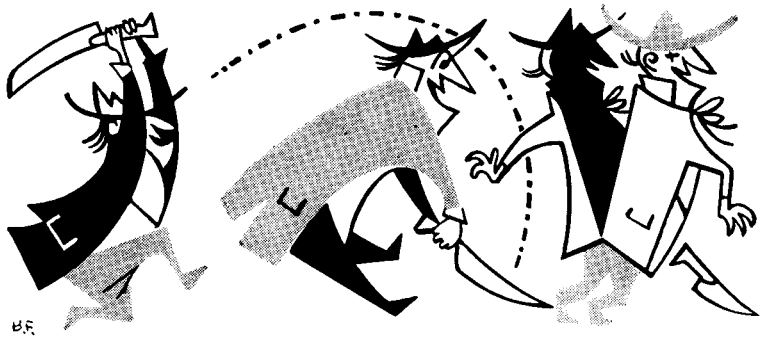
The Midwest

In the Midwest, traditionally a center of Republican conservatism and can liberals. Another liberal prominent in the 1952 Midwestern opposition to the Taft Republicans, Governor Leo Hoegh of Iowa, managed to retain his party organizational support only by abandoning some of his liberal principles; he seems to have dropped his opposition to the so-called "right-to-work law."

Eisenhower liberalism has scarcely dented the Old Guard in Ohio and Illinois.

The South

Even the anemic state Republican organizations in the South, which certainly have nothing to lose by adopting a liberal position, have shown little inclination to join in efforts to rebuild the Republican Party. The ascendancy of conservatives like B. Carroll Reece of Tennessee continues in Southern Republican organizations. Their stands on civil rights are indistinguishable from



isolationism, the liberal Republicans have not merely suffered a setback—they have been routed in almost every major state organizational contest. Senator Alexander Wiley, a pillar of Eisenhower internationalism, was refused party endorsement for renomination by the Wisconsin state Republican convention. The state organization in Wisconsin is now solidly in the hands of conservatives closely allied to Senator McCarthy.

In the Indiana State G.O.P. convention of June 29, the liberal Republicans, led by Governor George N. Craig, suffered what the New York *Times* described as "a crushing defeat" at the hands of the conservative forces of Senator William E. Jenner. Early August saw the primary-election defeat of Governor Fred Hall of Kansas, who has been considered one of the brightest stars in the ranks of Midwestern Republi-

those of their Democratic counterparts. Perhaps the platform of Horace B. Clay, Republican Congressional opponent of Representative Howard Smith in Virginia's Eighth District, is symbolic. Clay opposes integration, civil rights legislation, and Federal aid to schools, but strongly supports the Bricker amendment.

The Far West

In the West, the only evidence of a major organizational victory for liberal Republicans is a lone one achieved in the Colorado state convention of June 9. Elsewhere in the West there was little change.

The Welker conservatives dominate the Idaho Republican organization. Governor J. Bracken Lee successfully defeated a liberal Republican attack in a recent state nominating convention in Utah. And the cohorts of Nixon, Knowland, and Knight still dominate the California Republican organization.

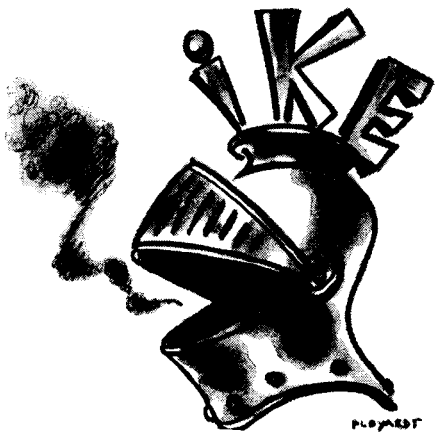
The primary victory of former Interior Secretary Douglas McKay can scarcely be counted a liberal triumph in Oregon. Philip Hitchcock, his opponent, was generally acknowledged as the more progressive of the two.

Rule by Non-participation

Although Mr. Eisenhower sincerely desires to reshape the Republican Party, he has adopted a curious rule that prevents him from taking sides in contests between liberal and conservative Republicans in organizational or primary contests. Thus a man like Senator Wiley, who has supported the Eisenhower program, must fend for himself against the overwhelming resources of the conservative Wisconsin state organization.

This self-denying attitude of Mr. Eisenhower's is perhaps the key to understanding his failure to reshape his party during his first Administration. As a matter of record, patronage dispensation has followed the familiar pattern of strengthening the elements presently in control of the state party organizations. These elements frequently were composed of Republican conservatives. In many state party organizations the Eisenhower Administration has actually served to build rather than weaken conservative control.

If Mr. Eisenhower has been unwilling to utilize the immense powers of his popularity and his office to rebuild the Republican Party during his first term, is there any reason to believe that he would act any differently during a second?



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4. The Chotiner Academy Of Scientific Vote-Catching

ROBERT BENDINER

JUST a year ago this fall pupils attending the Republican Party's three-day seminar in political campaigning sat at the feet of Murray Chotiner, teacher of Richard Nixon and a great educator when he is not engaged in representing certain contractors accused of defrauding the government. Since all forty-eight Republican state chairmen are alumni of the Chotiner Academy of Scientific Vote-Catching, this campaign is in a sense a test of the most remarkable alma mater to be established since Fagin's institute for the deft of hand.

Although for several reasons that needn't be probed here I am not a Republican state chairman, it has been my privilege to absorb the Chotiner Lectures, and I am ready to testify that they are to the ambitious office seeker what the Boy Scout Handbook is to the cub.

Here you learn, in simple precepts, the heart of a profession. For example, people want to feel that they are selecting the candidate of their party, Professor Chotiner says, "rather than having the candidate tell them 'I am going to run, hell or high water.'" Very well, let them feel it. "It is really quite simple. . . . All you have to do is to get a number of the people talking, 'Now if we can only get so and so to run for the office.'" In no time at all, the Professor assures us, you will find the party drafting so-and-so as the people's choice.

It may be that if Harold Stassen had studied under Dr. Chotiner instead of fooling around with disarmament all these months, Christian Herter would have been the people's choice for Vice-President instead of winding up as just one of the people.

Be Constructive, Be Irrelevant

Be constructive, of course, Dr. Chotiner advises, but get this straight: You must start "deflating" a possible opponent as much as a year before you even launch your own campaign. "If you do not . . . the odds are that you are going to be doomed to defeat."

If he starts to deflate *you*, just keep quiet. Maybe no one is listening and you will only "call it to the attention of the voting public." Should you find the attack really getting home, however, and you are forced to reply, "do so with an attack of your own against the opposition for having launched it in the first place." The famous "Checkers"

speech of Richard Nixon, Dr. Chotiner's star pupil, is a "classic" example of what can be done and one "that will live in all political history." Once you have made this kind of response, painfully sincere and wholly irrelevant, drop the whole thing. Because if you don't, your opponent will say things like "'Well, he didn't answer this part' and your whole campaign will be put on the defensive." Just say, instead, "That subject has been answered. Let us go on to the next issue."

THE LECTURES are full of this homey wisdom. "We never put out the complete voting record of our candidate," Dr. Chotiner explains, because a prospective voter doesn't look at the number of times the candidate was right but only at the times he was wrong. So just give the record "in general terms," like "Voted for reduction of taxes," "Voted for military preparedness," etc. Let the voter dig out the details for himself if he has the time and the know-how.

Courage is always appealing, and a good way to establish it is to have your candidate "get up in front of a meeting and say, 'I have been told that I must not talk about this subject but I am going to tell the people of our State just exactly what is going on.'" Chotiner had Mr. Nixon use this packaged courage when he ran for the Senate, and it worked wonders. Try it, the Professor advises; "you will be amazed at what happens." Rush down to your local soapbox now!

Prospectus for Prevarication

There are many such tips and helpful hints in the Lectures, like letting an editor know very early in the game that you intend to do political advertising in his paper—"It may help on some of our stories."

It is a pity that such simple wisdom should be confined to so narrow a circle. What we obviously need is a full-blown graduate school, to be known, let's say, as the Machiavelli Institute of Public Affairs, bipartisan of course and open to students of all political persuasions. The catalogue might run something like this:

Handshaking and General Cordiality. Practice in the earnest grasp, the hearty pump, and the affectionate hold. Special attention to development of the warm smile and the boyish grin. How to be charming without being witty.

Flattery for Beginners. All the standard techniques, starting with infant kissing and the appropriate introduction of apple-blossom queens, beet-sugar queens, sand-and-gravel queens, and other domestic royalty. Practice in the fulsome complimenting of audiences on their absolutely unique intelligence and courage.

Elementary Slander. Basic instruction in hit-and-run tactics, innuendo, and the raising of the big doubt. Emphasis on the charitable touch, such as suggesting that an opponent is not a crook, ladies and gentlemen,

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but merely the willing dupe of crooks.

Advanced Slander (admission only to candidates for Senator and up). A rigid course in treason spotting, graft charging, and wholesale damnation. Field exercises in Red hunting, with or without hounds and with or without Reds.

Photography for Campaigners. Course in posing with golf club, family, and other essential props. Full-dress rehearsals as cowboy, train engineer, Sioux Indian, and Davy Crockett.

Television Techniques. Instruction in reading a speech from the teleprompter, or "idiot board," as though the talk is being delivered off the cuff. Hollywood coaches on hand to teach prepared spontaneity, studied sincerity, and camera angles.

Political Geography. A quick course on the features and products of any local area in which the candidate expects to mount the stump: Enables the speaker to "feel especially good in these familiar surroundings which are a second home" to him, whether he is in Bilious Bluff, Ark., Upper Crust, N. Y., or Apple Core, Vt. The survey should also serve to keep him from pledging to lower tariff on slivovitz, for example, to an audience that thrives only on local bourbon.

Political Folklore. A companion course intended to help the student avoid such pitfalls as praising the British in Chicago, President Nasser in the Bronx, or Eleanor Roosevelt in Mississippi.

Pledging and Counterpledging. Advanced work in the art of promising everything to everybody all at once. Credit given only when student can offer, in one sentence and without blinking an eye, to increase government spending on public welfare, strengthen national defense, lower taxes, keep the peace, scare hell out of Russia, and balance the budget.

Double Talk and Rhetoric. Rigorous course in the use of the cliché and the ringing appeal to the Founding Fathers, along with lessons in the personal wearing of the flag. Designed to enable the pupil to sustain forty-minute flights of eloquence without preparation and without taking a position on anything.

The Ordeal Of South Vietnam

DARRELL BERRIGAN

PRESIDENT NGO DINH DIEM is a short, plump, soft-voiced man who looks no more like the dynamic leader he is than the demigod his followers are building him up to be. Yet as he entered his third year of power last July 7, he could look back on accomplishments justifying a belief that although he certainly is no god, at least the gods have been with him.

Diem is the man upon whom the playboy ex-Emperor Bao Dai and his French governors bestowed the nominal leadership of South Vietnam when, two years ago, the great powers at Geneva solved the Vietnamese impasse by cutting the country in half at the 17th parallel and thus created two problems where there had been one. It was he who, after this act of old-fashioned cynicism, took a demoralized body of troops recently detached from the French colonial forces and formed them into a national army that cleaned up the Binh Xuyen force of twenty thousand in the streets of Saigon and the swamps across its sluggish river, thereby winning control of the capital from that underworld sect.

Having surprised practically everyone but himself with that accomplishment, he turned his army loose with equal success on the Hoa Hao sect, whose neo-Buddhist "religion" included an army numbering thirty thousand men. Meanwhile, he deposed the "pope" of the Cao Dai sect, whose two million members venerate Christ, Mohammed, Buddha, and Victor Hugo among their saints, and integrated its army into the national force. Under his inspiration, the people ousted Bao Dai, made Diem President of a brand-new republic, and gave him the authority to invite the French Army to leave.

July 7 found Diem just getting around to a serious effort at eliminating the Communists from certain sections of his domain, but their destruction is the least of the worries that beset him. South Vietnam did not engage in two years of tragic fratricide after ten years of revolution without suffering deep and dangerous wounds. The country's economy is stagnant. Its social system has been profoundly shaken by the separation of families and the uprooting of great masses of the population. Its political structure is a Topsy that grew with the exigencies of war. And its politicians, both old and new, are more accustomed to settling their differences with guns than by the argument and compromise required by peace.

New System, New Attitudes

Of all these problems, probably the most important is the construction of the new political system and the re-education of the men who work within it. On the day of his second anniversary as leader of South Vietnam, President Diem received from members of the Constituent Assembly a Constitution within whose laws he must somehow solve the problems that the country faces. His interpretation and use of these laws will determine whether the Republic of South Vietnam will become a dictatorship or a democracy, or will fall like the ripe plum it appeared at Geneva into the waiting hands of the Vietminh to the north. Even the most liberal constitution—and this one guarantees freedom of speech, press, organization, and assembly to a citizenry having universal suffrage—can be bent to the purposes of authoritarianism in the hands of powerful men. Whether that of the Republic of South Vietnam suffers this fate depends partly upon President Diem and partly upon the men who oppose him.

The President already holds almost dictatorial powers and, being the only politician in Vietnam known and respected by all the people, he could conceivably continue to hold them if he should so decide. Such a

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decision seems to depend more upon his opponents than upon himself, for there seems little doubt that Ngo Dinh Diem wants to be the father of a democratic country rather than the founder of a dictatorship that will end in chaos and Communism at his death. But if those who oppose him fail to learn the use of the political weapons of democracy, if they cannot "engage in competition instead of despising everybody," as the President claims they do now, then Diem may feel it necessary to impose a dictatorship for the safety of the state.

Although Diem laments the absence of a "loyal opposition," the very suspicion with which he and his secret police eye most of his political opponents derives from the same source as that with which his opponents eye him. Diem himself has remarked upon the dangers inherent in "the king in every man." What he must guard against in his opponents the opposition feels it must guard against in him.

VISITORS to the ornate French Governor-General's mansion which now goes by the self-conscious name of Freedom Palace find little in either the appearance or the words of President Diem to indicate that the king has awakened in him. They find a thoughtful little man in a floppy white suit, full in cheek and hip, looking like a successful grocer. But once in his reception room, with the President perched on the edge of a divan bright with crimson brocade, it soon becomes apparent that here is a confident and experienced wanderer in the wilderness of politics. As Diem speaks, puffing the ends off an interminable chain of cigarettes, ignoring interruptions, his dark eyes seeming to turn inward in his absorption, the listener (if he resembles this correspondent) finds it difficult to attach to this earnest man any suspicion of awakening kingship. The visitor is, however, prepared for this, for criticism of President Diem is usually preceded by an expression of confidence in his sincerity, honesty, and integrity. What his critics fear is the future Diem. They confine their present fears to the men around him.

Ngo Dinh Diem is a fusion of influences Kipling said could never meet and Graham Greene's opium-smoking Englishman insisted shouldn't. A devout Catholic (one brother is a bishop), he is nonetheless influenced strongly by the mandarin tradition of the old capital at Hué, where he was born and reared. These two influences probably account for the conservative approach he takes to action, listening noncommittally to the ideas of his advisers, permitting his own to germinate, refusing to be panicked into action until thought and prayer and the politic moment have combined to counsel action. But the ideas upon which he may act with such deliberation more often find their source in the French intellectualism that makes him, according to close associates, "more liberal than the young members of his government." Therefore it is no surprise to find Diem, in spite of his mandarin background, speaking with evident sincerity of his "reliance on the people," who, he says, "are at bottom more advanced than the opposition."

Nor is it surprising to find him planning a land-reform program aimed at the elimination of the big landlords among whom he was brought up, or supporting the freedom of labor to organize and strike against men of his own aristocratic background. At the same time, there is no contradiction in his support of acts of his police and his government that might be termed the opposite of liberal. As for these last—for instance, the arrest and detention without trial of men suspected of being Communists or rebels—the President considers them unfortunate necessities of war to be abandoned as soon as there is real peace.

Mice in the Cheese

It happened that the day I was received by the President to discuss these and other questions, flight after

flight of army transport planes had been passing over Saigon all morning. Saigonese lounging in the French-style sidewalk cafés or making their preoccupied ways along the tree-lined avenues of the peaceful city paid almost no attention to the planes. But their throaty grumble heralded the end of any further serious threat from the rebel sects in the south and the beginning of a campaign against the Vietminh guerrillas who, until now, had occupied villages in the jungles of central Vietnam. The peace and security brought by President Diem's efforts to the cities of South Vietnam for the first time in more than ten years had made the people impatient for the fruits thereof. A campaign in the mountain wilderness of central Vietnam could be of little interest.

"No one seems to realize that we are still at war!" the President exclaimed. "Everyone has the illusion that we are in a state of peace. We are actually in a state of real crisis."

The President referred not only to the Communists infesting the villages of central Vietnam "like mice in good cheese" but also to the superior strength and experience of the Vietminh Army above the 17th parallel; to the Communists who, "in legal clothing," have infiltrated the labor unions; and to the disinherited Binh Xuyen and Hoa Hao leaders who, he claims, are inciting rebellion against the state. Under these conditions, he said, how could he introduce all the freedoms so long taken for granted in countries like the United States and Britain? How could he wait for evidence to arrest suspected Communists or, once they were arrested, grant them the right of habeas corpus?

"We *must* arrest people!" he insisted, crushing a just-lighted cigarette out in an ashtray. "Isn't it better to arrest them than to permit them to incite the people until there are riots and we kill twenty or thirty every time? We have carried out our operations without killing too many. We have arrested only four or five thousand. There can't be habeas corpus when there is military action."

The President admits freely that the police and army officers with special police powers have sometimes used "forms or procedures that are not correct." But he reminds his

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critics that the police he inherited from the French were under the control of the Binh Xuyen gangsters. Now, he says, he is having difficulty, even with the help of American experts imported from Michigan, in organizing a reliable force: "You can't make policemen out of bishops!"

Tran Chanh Thanh

Diem is also finding that he can't create popular Ministers with any more facility than policemen. Because the President is far too popular to serve as an easy target, the opposition has concentrated its attacks on his Ministers. Chief among these is the Minister of Information and Youth, Tran Chanh Thanh, an ambitious, handsome man in his thirties, who received his political education as an official in the Communist Vietminh. By introducing into South Vietnam some of the practices he found successful under the Communists, Thanh has laid himself wide open to attack. He is responsible for the budding "cult of personality" that expresses itself in the huge, pink-cheeked portrait of the President above the Hôtel de Ville in Saigon, in the idealized mural in the city's post office, and in the pictures of the President tacked on every pillar and post. It was he who inspired, if he did not compose, the hymn to Diem that introduced every movie in Saigon until the President himself ordered it stopped. Thanh organized the "denounce-the-Communists" meetings now being held in villages throughout the country, where peasants who were once asked to denounce landlords are now asked to point the finger at their alleged Communist neighbors in order that they may be sent to concentration camps. Thanh also introduced freedom of the press to South Vietnam, although two newspapermen went to jail because he interpreted "license," which was still prohibited, as including an "insult to the National Assembly."

FOR THESE innovations, Thanh, who is also leader of the Movement for National Revolution, is denounced as a Communist by the opposition and even by some of his colleagues in government. Thanh's most bitter enemy, in fact, is a younger brother of the President, Ngo Dinh Nhu, himself a controversial character, whose activities have furnished Diem's opponents with another way of attacking him indirectly.

Nhu is charged with nursing the ambition to be king. Through his National Revolutionary Citizens' Committee and National Revolutionary Workers' Party, and the magic name of Ngo, he is a political power in the capital. Another brother, Can, is the admitted boss of most of the officials in the family province of Hué. Can has split with his brother over Thanh, and it is believed the President had this brother in mind when recently he decided to decentralize power and put more authority behind his provincial governors. Nevertheless, Can's hold on the Province of Hué is ascribed to his membership in the President's family.

The 'Little Politicians'

These are but two of Diem's official and paternal family whose alleged sins stir the patriotic blood of the President's opponents. A case of corruption tried in Diem's courts inspires rumors of greater peculations that never reach them. In the bazaars, the unexplained arrest of a politician becomes a purge. The incompetence of one Minister or the bungling of another is proof that all is incompetence and all is bungling in the government. When these criticisms come from the older opposition leaders, whom Diem lumps under the general title of "little politicians," the President seems to be moved only to contempt. They have, he says, fallen into the habit of "considering insults as an efficient means of degrading the Administration in the eyes of the world."

Diem's "little politicians" are the leaders of a group of parties who have recently revived the National Revolutionary Congress, which Diem disbanded when it tried to assume power a year ago. The nominal leader of the group, and about the only one without an army in his past, is Dr. Phan Quang Dan, a robust young physician and leader of the Republican Party, who opposed the Vietminh long before it was considered patriotic to do so. In his Congress, marching under the slogan "Firmly Moderate," are men who were suckled on power politics and some who have saddle sores from long years of riding the political fence.

MOST PROMINENT among them is General Nguyen Thanh Phuong, former commander in chief of the Cao Dai army, who supported Diem in his rise to power and, having declined the government post offered him (government sources said he "made impossible demands" for command of the new army), turned his attention to the leadership of the Party of National Restoration.

General Phuong is a quiet, hospitable man with thick black hair combed straight back from a face redolent of wounded but forgiving

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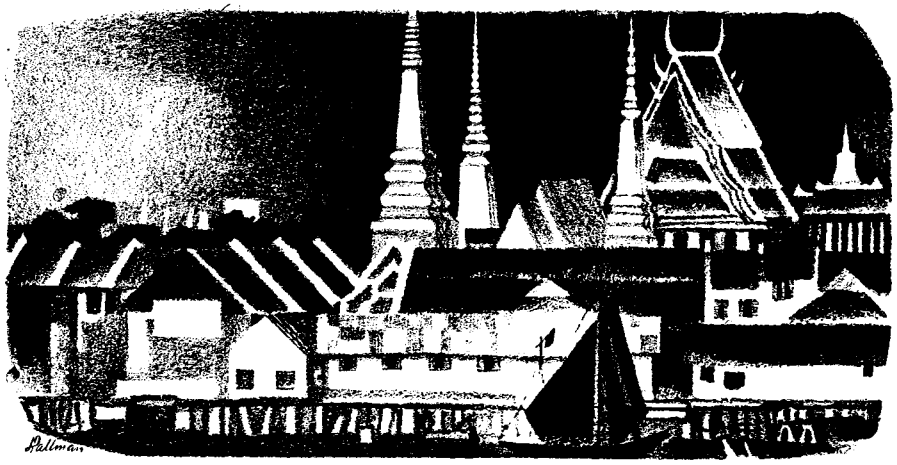

innocence. The government suspects that General Phuong's innocence is not corporeal enough to receive a wound, and therefore suspicious police watch his political activities without, however, violating the privacy maintained by Phuong's own guards. They claim that when the General integrated his troops into the new national army, he overlooked some hundreds secreted away in the jungles around his former headquarters at Tai Ninh as a deposit against an uncertain future. In fact, a few of these men recently attacked government troops in that area and, in the operations that were required to eliminate them, the national army is said to have uncovered four tons of ammunition, 1,500 rifles, a 120-mm. howitzer, and two smaller cannon. Phuong, however, denies these charges and in turn accuses the government of "kidnaping" three friends of his—a municipal councilor, a former Under Secretary of the Interior in Diem's government, and a woman who was a member of the old Revolutionary Congress. According to Phuong, not only are these people held by Diem's police, but their families are not permitted to see them or to learn anything about them. The police, for their part, intimate that Phuong himself kidnaped them. That gives some idea of the confusion which can develop when the police have the power of arbitrary arrest.

ANOTHER member of the Congress is a former secular priest, Le Van Phien, leader of the Socialist Party. This swarthy, ascetic-looking man with fierce, dark eyes laid aside his cassock to fight the Communists and now has put his gun aside to join the political war brewing against Ngo Dinh Diem's "police state." In addition to these, the Congress claims the allegiance of the Vietnamese Kuomintang and, as Dr. Dan said, "several nationalist parties that are still clandestine." Dr. Dan claims the coalition that he heads has a signed membership of 500,000, to which General Phuong quietly added the two million Cao Daiists he is confident will follow him.

It is rather difficult to learn from Dr. Dan and his colleagues exactly what constitutes a "firmly moderate" political program. The conversation seems constantly to be diverted by the remembrance of another instance of the perfidy and budding authoritarianism of the government. It would be difficult, therefore, to assess their importance as an ideological influence and even more difficult—their activities being so conspiratorial—to weigh their actual strength. Like the parties of Nhu and Thanh, they seem to be a coalition of politicians with only such popular support as the individual members can claim through a tradition of regional control.

The Distrustful Young

But it is not to these, with the possible exception of Thanh, that the President looks for the loyal opposition to develop. These are old vines from which the grapes are sour. He hopes for sweeter fruit from younger plants.

"There are those who have occupied the military scene and have their complexes," Diem told me of these. "There are elements who have had education. They constitute the new political parties. They are trying to prove their capacities. They must learn to work according to reality. They are clumsy and lack experience. But little by little they will learn."

The President would not find his sympathy for the rising generation of politicians reciprocated if he were to spend an evening at one of their hangouts in the open-fronted restaurants of Saigon. They are serious, intense young men in their twenties and early thirties, whose sunken cheeks and thin bodies testify to their years as guerrillas in the jungles and hills, and who are impatient for the realization of the utopia they fought for. They are suspicious of government, and jealous of the freedom they feel they deserve. They make weekend trips into the hills that they may not forget the arts of war.

Still, these young men long for peace. "Let's not destroy any more," one of them told me. "It is time now for reconstruction."

What embitters them and is forcing them into opposition is that they can find no way to participate in reconstruction on their own terms. One by one, those who have gone into government have dropped out, complaining that the men who control the government departments cannot understand their views, have no initiative and distrust the youth who has, and know little of modern technology.

THESE young men are engineers, army officers, newspapermen, businessmen, doctors, and lawyers. Their group meetings usually begin with a general discussion of political questions of the day, then break up into study groups to concentrate on international or constitutional law, political science, sociology, or the English language. They have deliberately sought jobs that will further their political interests and ambitions, some going into business or professions, others into the American agencies located in Saigon which occasionally offer scholarships in American universities or special training in the United States.

"We are a bookish people," one of them told me earnestly. "We want to learn first. Now we think we are ready to go into the villages to win the support of the people. We will help clean up hospitals and repair schools and help the people where

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we can. But we must all swear we will not do it for political gain. It must be for the nation."

Diem's Difficulties

Unfortunately, it is to these suspicious young people that President Diem must turn for the trained men he urgently needs for the solution of the mountainous problems that confront him today. Vietnam needs every trained hand and mind it has if it is to compete successfully with its regimented enemy in the north. A country that once exported a million and a half tons of rice now has to cut rice exports drastically in order to feed the population. Very little of its rubber now goes into the world market. Its sugar industry cannot produce enough for domestic consumption, and the resumption of exports is far in the future. Its imports last year were more than five times its exports. American aid is all that sustains the country's economy.

To get the economy running again, millions of war-ravaged acres must be put back into production and almost a million displaced people resettled. Bridges have to be rebuilt and roads resurfaced. A solution must be found to the conflict between peasant tenants who have long been in rent-free possession of their land and the landlords who, now that the Communists are gone, demand it back. In the cities, especially in Saigon and its commercial appendage Cholon, where more than two million people live, the withdrawal of the French Army and its monthly payroll, the collapse of the export-import trade, and the rise of unemployment compound the government's difficulties.

Working out a comprehensive program that will end these economic troubles and take care of the social and political needs of the new republic is one of Diem's greatest problems. The stopgap measures of the past are no longer sufficient. There is a growing demand for planned action, and President Diem is painfully aware of the need. He is also painfully aware of the shortage of human material he has to work with. In fact, as an American technician rather brutally summarized the situation, "You name it and they don't have it."

There would be more technicians available if Diem could lure into his government the young men whom distrust, low wages, lack of opportunity, and a refusal to work under an incompetent bureaucracy have driven into hostility. Recently, with the consent of the Constituent Assembly, he took a step in that direction by creating a Corps of Technicians to work in planning Ministerial projects, but to do so directly under the President instead of the Ministers. This step may win over some of the young technicians.

The Continuing Emergency

Now that Diem has his head above water, he is asking that American aid be given a new direction to meet the new situation. Here he finds himself in agreement with his opposition that the United States should concentrate more upon projects that will eventually free South Vietnam from dependence upon American aid instead of the importation of consumer goods that threatens to perpetuate the "economic slavery" imposed on the Indo-Chinese for a century by the French. The Americans, however, have been forced to improvise schemes as the situation required at the expense of long-term projects. The building of the new National Army, which last year cost $105 million in American aid, had to be given priority and, along with $91.5 million in economic aid, required imports to get the piastres needed for domestic purchases of labor and materials. There were also 900,000 refugees to take care of. The International Cooperation Administration, convinced that "the best way to restore the economy of South Vietnam is to get the refugees integrated and back to work," spent $37 million last year to that end.

The Vietnamese want more canals dug, more land drained and brought back under cultivation, more small factories built to produce consumer goods. They want small dams and power plants; they want their railroads and highways rebuilt. In short, the Vietnamese, led by their President, seek economic independence.

The Americans explain impatiently that all these things are permissible, or at least some of them are, if they only understood American aid. If, say the Americans, the Vietnamese could just learn to thread their way through ICA red tape they would find that by a mere transposition of figures from one column to another they could have their factory or canal or small power plant. What is holding things up now seems to be a simple matter of semantics. It is expected that the day will come when Diem and his colleagues will begin to understand the bureaucratic abracadabra in which the honest intentions of the American people are so often couched.

And in the North . . .

Meanwhile, North Vietnam, with an ideology, a discipline, a government that knows where it is going, and an army stronger than that of the south, is making every effort to prove that Communism brings the greatest benefit to the greatest number. With every success of the Vietminh, Diem's opposition, both young and old, whose hatred for Communism equals his Administration's, clamors for an early solution to the problems that confront the nation on every side. But the President is not to be hurried.

"The Vietminh," he said, "have placed us where we can't afford to lose a single battle."

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Stale Mates

A Short Story Set in the Time When Love Came to China

EILEEN CHANG

Two men and two girls in a boat sat facing each other on wicker seats under the flat blue awning. Cups of tea stood on the low table between them. They were eating ling, water chestnuts about the size and shape of a Cupid's-bow mouth. The shells were dark purplish red and the kernels white.

"Missu Chou is very stylish today," one of the men said. It was also stylish to address girls as "Miss."

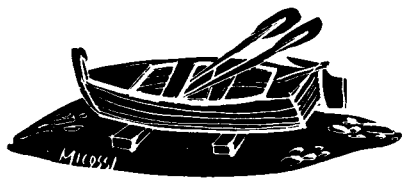
Miss Chou glared at him through her new spectacles and threw a ling shell at him. Her glasses had round black rims and perfectly flat lenses, as she was not nearsighted. The year was 1924, when eyeglasses were fashionable. Society girls wore them. Even streetwalkers affected glasses in order to look like girl students.

Each of the men sat with his own girl because the little boat balanced better this way than if the two girls sat side by side. The pale green water looked thick and just a little scummy, and yet had a suggestion of lingering fragrance like a basin of water in which a famous courtesan had washed her painted face.

The girls were around twenty—young for high school in those days when progressive women of all ages flocked to the primary schools. Miss Chou was much admired for her vivacity and boldness as being typical of the New Woman, while Miss Fan's was the beauty of a still life. She sat smiling a little, her face a slim pointed oval, her long hair done in two round glossy black side knobs. She wore little make-up and no ornaments except a gold fountain pen tucked in her light mauve tunic. Her trumpet sleeves ended flaring just under the elbow.

The young men were Lo and Wen. Lo was tall and thin. His pale turquoise long gown hung well on him in a more literal sense than when the phrase was applied to westerners' clothes. He taught in the same school as Wen. They both owned land in their home village and taught school in Hangchow merely as an excuse to live by the West Lake, where every scenic spot was associated with the memory of some poet or reigning beauty.

The four had been meeting almost daily for more than a year.



They would go out on the lake, have dinner at one of the restaurants along the shore, and go boating again if there was a moon. Somebody would read Shelley aloud and the girls held hands with each other when they felt moved. Always there were four of them, sometimes six but never two. The men were already married—a universal predicament. Practically everybody was married and had children before ever hearing of love. Wen and Lo had to be content with discussing the girls interminably between themselves, showing each other the girls' carefully worded letters, admiring their calligraphy, analyzing their personalities from the handwriting. Love was such a new experience in China that a little of it went a long way.

They sailed into a patch of yellowing lotus leaves, the large green plates crunching noisily against the boat. Then there was silence. The boatman and his little daughter were resting on their oars, letting the boat drift. Now and then the water made a small swallowing sound as if it had a piece of candy in its mouth.

"Going home this weekend?" Miss Fan asked.

"I suppose I can't get out of it this time," Lo answered smiling. "My mother has been complaining."

She smiled. The mention of his mother did not alter the fact that he was going back to his wife.

Lately Lo had been feeling increasingly guilty about going home, while Miss Fan had allowed her resentment to become more manifest before and after each visit.

"I have made a decision," he said in a low voice, looking at her. Then, when she did not ask him what it was, he said, "Missu Fan, will you wait for me? It might take years."

She had turned away, her head bent. Her hands played with the lower left corner of her slitted blouse, furling and unfurling it.

Actually she did not agree to his getting a divorce until days later. But that evening, when the four of them dined at a restaurant famous for its lake fish, Lo already felt pledged and dedicated. All the wine he drank tasted like the last cup before setting out on a long hard journey on a cold night.

The restaurant was called the House Beyond Houses. It leaned over the lake on three sides. Despite the view and its poetic name it was a nonchalantly ugly place with greasy old furniture. The waiter shouted orders to the kitchen in a singsong chant. When the glass dome was lifted from the plate of live shrimp, some of the shrimp jumped across the table, in and out of the sauce dish, and landed on Miss Fan, trailing soya sauce down the front of her blouse. Miss Chou squealed. In the dingy yellow electric light Miss Fan looked flushed and happy and did not seem to mind at all.

Lo did not go home until the Saturday after that. The journey took two hours by train and wheelbarrow. His wife looked sheepish as her mother-in-law loudly and ostentatiously excused her from various duties because her husband was

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home. She was wearing a short blue overall with the red satin binding of a silk tunic showing underneath it. She had not been sure that he would be coming.

He spoke to her that night about divorce. She cried all night. It was terrible, almost as if a judge were to sleep in the same bed with a condemned man. Say what he might, he knew he was consigning her to dishonorable widowhood for the rest of her life.

"Which of the Seven Out Rules have I violated?" she kept asking through angry sobs. Ancient scholars had named the seven conditions under which a wife might justifiably be evicted from her husband's house.

His mother flew into a rage on being told. She would not hear of it. Lo went back to Hangchow and stopped coming home altogether. His mother got his uncle to go up to Hangchow and talk him out of his foolishness. He in turn managed to persuade a cousin to go and talk to his family. It took infernally long to negotiate through relatives who were, furthermore, unreliable transmitters of harsh words, being peacemakers at heart, especially where matrimony was concerned. To break up a marriage is a cardinal sin that automatically takes ten years off a man's given life span.

Lo got a lawyer to write his wife an alarmingly worded request for divorce. His wife's family, the Changs, boiled over with rage. Did he think his wife was an orphan? Not all the Changs were dead. True, they could not revenge themselves on the faithless man unless his wife were to hang herself on his lintel. That would place his life and property entirely at their mercy. But it was not for them to recommend such a step to her.

The head of the Lo clan was

moved to speak. The old man threatened to invite the Family Law out of its niche and beat the young rascal in the ancestral temple. "Family Law" was a euphemism for the plank used for flogging.

Miss Fan and Lo continued to see each other in the company of Wen and Miss Chou. Their friends were delighted and exhilarated by the courage of this undertaking—though it did put Wen in a difficult position, even if Miss Chou was never openly reproachful. It now appeared as though the wistfulness that was part of the beauty of their relationship was not one of those things that couldn't be helped.

Lo was only home once in two years. They were difficult years for both the mother and daughter-in-law. They began to get on each other's nerves. There was an unwritten law that a wife could never be divorced once she had worn mourning white and the ramie scarf of mourning for a parent-in-law. So the old lady got the idea that her daughter-in-law wished for her death. It would certainly settle the divorce problem. But the old lady swore she would see the younger woman out of the house vertically before she made her own exit horizontally.

Outwardly the divorce negotiations had not gained much ground in six years. Miss Fan's family never did approve. Now they kept reminding her that at twenty-six she was becoming an old maid. Soon she would not even qualify for *t'ien-fang*—room filler, a wife to fill up a widower's empty room. It seemed to her family that Lo was only waiting to have her on his own terms. It was doubtful whether he was seriously trying to get a divorce. Possibly alimony was the stumbling block. There were those who said he was actually quite poor. What little he had must have dwindled away through his long absence from home, with his estate left in the hands of an estranged wife. There had been some unpleasantness over the divorce question at the school where he was teaching. If he didn't depend on his job for a living, why didn't he resign?

Miss Chou told Wen confidentially that Miss Fan had been out to dinner with a pawnbroker, chaperoned by members of her family and a lady matchmaker. Wen was not to tell Lo.

In his indignation Wen told Lo anyway, though of course he added, "It's all her family's doing."

"They didn't tie her up with a rope and drag her to the restaurant, did they?" Lo said sardonically. He promised not to take up the matter with her immediately as that would betray the source of his information.

But that evening Lo drank too much rice wine when they dined at the House Beyond Houses which had the lake on three sides. "Congratulations, Missu Fan!" he said. "I hear you are going to invite us to your wedding feast." He drained his cup and strode off angrily.

Miss Fan refused to join them the next day. Lo's letters were returned unopened. A week later Miss Chou reported that Miss Fan had again been dining with the pawnbroker. Everything was settled; the man had given her a big diamond engagement ring.

Lo's divorce action had reached the point where it began to move through its own momentum. There were signs that his wife's side was now more ready to listen to reason. He would be a laughingstock for the rest of his life if he were to return to his wife at this stage. So he went ahead with the divorce, giving his wife a generous settlement as he had promised. As soon as the decree was final he got a professional matchmaker to approach the Wongs of the dye works on his behalf. The eldest Wong girl was reported to be the prettiest girl in town.

After an exchange of photographs and due investigation, the Wongs accepted him. Lo sold a great part of his land and bought Miss Wong a diamond ring even bigger than the one Miss Fan was said to have got. He was married after three months.

For some reason Miss Fan's match did not come off. Maybe the pawn-

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broker had his doubts about modern girls and had heard something of Miss Fan's long attachment to Lo. Acording to the Fans it was because they had found out that the

pawnbroker had falsified his age. Some malicious tongues had it that it was the other way around.

In the natural course of things Lo would have run into Miss Fan sooner or later, living in the same town. But their friends were not content to leave it to chance. Somehow they felt it was important for them to meet again. It could not be that they wanted Lo to savor fully his revenge; they had disapproved of the way he had hit back at her at the expense of his own ideals. Maybe they wanted him to realize the mistake he had made and feel sorry. But perhaps the most likely explanation would be that they just thought it would be sad and beautiful—and therefore a good thing—for the two to meet once again on the lake under the moon.

It was arranged without the knowledge of either of them. One night Lo was out on a boat with Wen—Miss Chou was now married and not seeing them any more. Some people shouted at them from another boat. It was a couple they used to know. Miss Fan was with them.

When the two boats drew near, Wen stepped over to the other boat, urging Lo to come with him. Lo found himself sitting across the small table from Miss Fan. The tea in the cups shone faintly, in each cup a floating silver disk swaying slightly with the movement of the boat. Her face and white-clad shoulders were blue-rimmed with moonlight. It stunned him how she could look just the same when so much had happened.

They went through the amenities as if there were nothing amiss, but without directly addressing a single remark to each other. No reference was made to Lo's new marriage. The talk was mostly about the government-sponsored West Lake Exhibition and its ugly memorial that dominated the vista along the bank.

"It's an eyesore. Spoils everything," Lo said. "It will never be the same again."

Her eyes met his, wavered a little, and looked away.

After going round the lake they landed and separated. The day after, Lo received a letter addressed to him in Miss Fan's handwriting. He tore it open, his heart pounding, and found a sheet of blank paper inside. He knew instantly what she meant. She had wanted to write him but what could she say?

Soon it was no secret among their friends that they were again seeing a lot of each other. Lo again started divorce proceedings. This time he had very few sympathizers. He now looked like a scoundrel where he had once been a pioneer. It was another long struggle. On her part Miss Fan was also engaged in a struggle. Hers was against the forces of the years, against men's very nature which tires so easily. And in her struggle she had nobody to stand by her side as she stood by Lo. She remained quietly pretty. Her coiffure and clothes were masterpieces of subtle compromise between fashion and memory. He never wanted her to look any different from the way she did when he had first known her. Yet he would have been distressed if it had suddenly occurred to him that she looked dated. She fell in with all his moods without being monotonously pliant. She read all the books he gave her and was devoted to Shelley.

He finally had to fight it out in the courts with his wife's family. The Wongs were adamant against divorce. Lawsuits were expensive, especially when judges proved to be tractable. Lo got his divorce at the end of five years. Though in reduced circumstances, he had built a small white house exactly the way Miss Fan and he had planned it, on a site they had chosen long ago. He had closed down his old house in the country after his mother's death. Their new home was on stilts, leaning out of the green hills right over the lake. Climbing roses and wisteria trailed over the moon window.

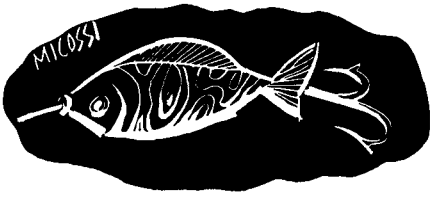
The newlyweds paid routine visits to relatives. They were usually pressed to stay for dinner and play mah-jongg. Lo had never known her to be fond of the game. He told his wife it was good of her to comply but there was no need to keep it up all night and promise to come back for more the next day. She answered that people teased her into it, saying she could not bear to be away from her bridegroom a single minute.

She complained of living so far out. When she came back late from her mah-jongg parties she often had difficulty finding a ricksha puller willing to take her home. When she was not out playing mah-jongg she lounged about in soiled old gowns with torn slits and frayed frogs. Half the time she lay in bed cracking watermelon seeds, spitting the shells over the bedclothes and into her slippers on the floor. His hints at taking more interest in her appearance were at first ignored. Then she flared up and said his fussiness was unmanly. "No wonder you never get anywhere."

Lo did his best to keep up a good front. Still he supposed that news of their quarrels got about, because one day a relative mentioned casually to him that Miss Wong had not yet remarried. "Why don't you ask her to come back?"

Lo shook his head sadly. He needed some persuasion, but of course he knew that the Wongs would agree that this was the best way out, much as they hated him. The family's good name would suffer if their daughter took a second husband.

His wife, the former Miss Fan, did not hear of the matter until all arrangements had been made. Despite scenes and threats of suicide, the day Miss Wong returned to him



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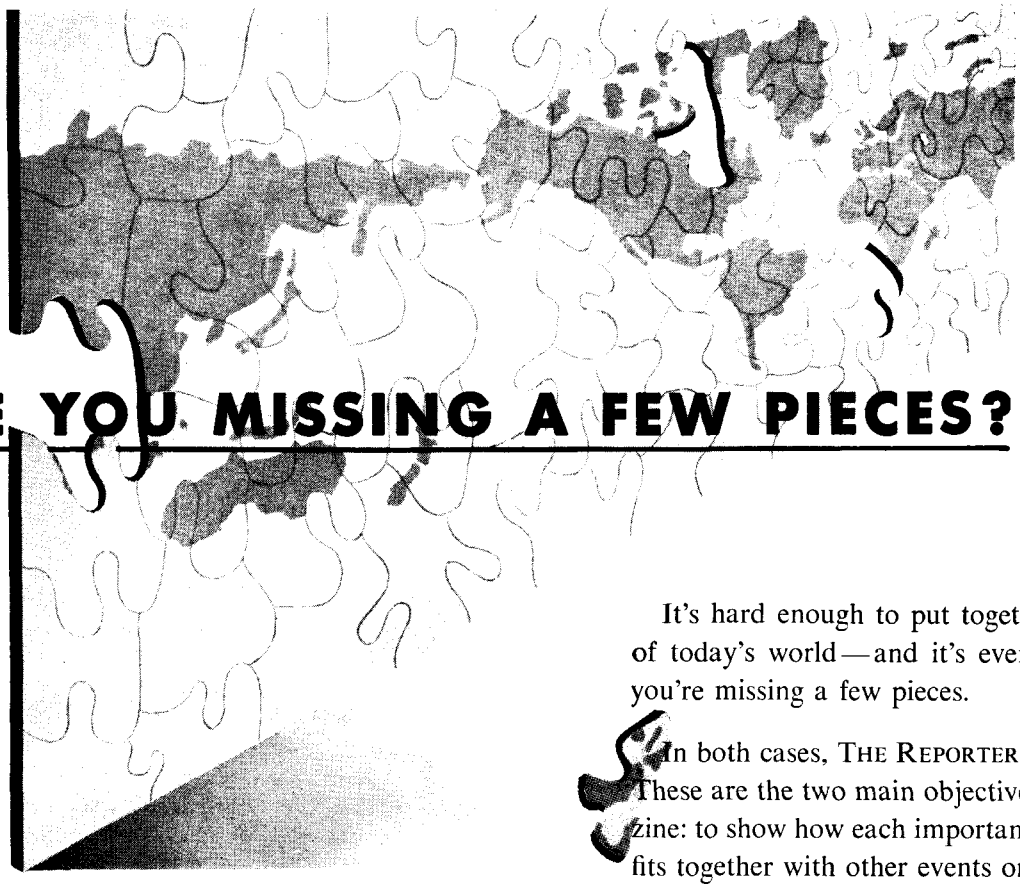

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THE REPORTER
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escorted by members of the Wong family she was there to receive them and play hostess at the small informal celebration. She addressed Miss Wong's brother and sister-in-law as "Brother" and "Sister-in-law." She apologized for the dinner. "It's difficult for us to get a good cook, living so far away from the market. Terribly inconvenient. Else I would have made him fetch back your young lady long ago. Of course she ought to come and live here. One can't be staying with parents all the time." Miss Wong did not speak, since she was almost a bride.

No agreement had been reached as to the mode of address between the two women, who were understood to be of equal status. They were merely referred to as "That of the House of Fan" and "That of the House of Wong" behind each other's back.

NOT LONG AFTERWARD an elder of Lo's clan spoke to him. "I see no reason why you shouldn't ask your first wife to come back. It would only be fair."

Lo could not think of any valid objection either. He went down to the country where she was living with her family, and brought her back to the rose-covered little house by the lake.

Both of his ex-wives were much richer than he was after the divorce settlements. But they never helped him out, no matter what straits he got into from providing for three women and their squabbling servants and later their children. He could not really blame them, taking everything into consideration. He would not have minded it so much if "That of the House of Fan" did not taunt him continually about the others' lack of feeling for him.

And now that he had lived down the scandal and ridicule, people envied him his *yeng fu*, glamorous blessings—extraordinary in an age that was at least nominally monogamous, for it was already 1936—living with three wives in a rose-covered little house by the lake. On the rare occasions when he tried to tell somebody he was unhappy, the listener would guffaw. "Anyhow," the friend would say, "there are four of you—just right for a nice game of mah-jongg."

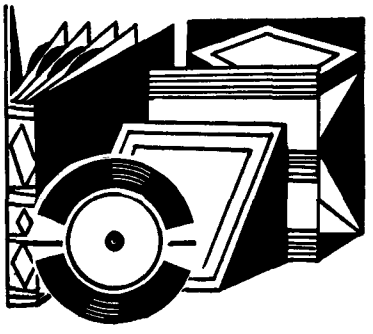
From Plato to Perelman On the Turntable

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

WHILE WORDS, words, words are pouring forth this fall from the nearly forty million TV cabinets and 127 million radio sets of America, they are also doing so in unprecedented numbers from a source that until recently gave out almost exclusively musical sounds—the nation's thirty million home record players.

When I was a youngster, the family's fluted wind-up Victrola contained in its red-bound albums, besides Enrico Caruso launching into "Celeste Aïda" and Mme. Schumann-Heink exercising her magnificent pre-orthophonic lungs in a rendition of "Dich, teure Halle," a comic monologue called "Cohen on the Telephone," which delighted us juveniles. Later on in college I also possessed a cavernous recitation from *Hamlet* by John Barrymore in his prime, and another favorite was a record on which Will Rogers nominated Henry Ford for President.

Today the spoken word on disks has changed from an occasional oddity into a varied staple canonized by commercial success. At least six companies are busy supplying the hi-fi owners of the nation with a stream of albums in which there is continuous talk and rarely a note of music. This year will see the appearance of over one hundred new such recordings, ranging from every level of literature to history and politics and journalism and pedagogy and back again to comics and juvenilia. You can now place your needle on actor Boris Karloff reading Kipling's *Just So Stories* or on Professor Pearl Wilson of Hunter College rendering Homer and Plato in the original Greek. You can hear actress Siobhán McKenna in Sean O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock* as done by the Abbey Players, and you can hear William Saroyan playing himself in a garrulous lecture on how Saroyan writes.



Families addicted to the *New Yorker* may now gather together for "An Informal Hour with S. J. Perelman," in which that busy humorist reads such pieces of his as "Is There an Osteosynchrondroitician in the House?" in a flat, nasal voice. Youngsters at Christmas time now have the choice of hearing Ronald Colman read "A Christmas Carol" on a Decca record, "with supporting cast, sound effects and music," or Basil Rathbone doing the same on Columbia, also with supporting cast and music. And for the very young, Columbia's Educational Records list includes, under the heading "Health and Hygiene," items called "Friendly Doctor Drillum Fillum" and "Doctor Sniffleswiper," spoken by Tom Glazer.

THE DEMOCRATS have produced a spoken campaign record labeled "The Democratic Party," in which campaign speeches, songs, and platforms over the years are recalled to a narrative accompaniment read by Henry Fonda; the Republicans have presented their side of the case in "The Eisenhower Story: From Great Moments of His Life," in which we hear such words as the General's D-Day speech to the peoples of the Continent, the special prayer written for his inauguration, and some choice excerpts from his White House press conferences. Some six hundred thousand people have bought copies of Ed Murrow's "I

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Can Hear It Now" series of documentary recordings, of which one of the latest, at $3.98, is a two-side interview with Israeli Prime Minister David Ben Gurion held in March, 1956. Behind Ben Gurion's voice, the Columbia publicity handout says, you can hear the "ominous crooning" of wind and sand on the Negev.

AT FIRST one is tempted to explain the present vogue of spoken records on the ground that it is easier to follow words delivered to you on a disk than to have to dig them out for yourself from books. To hear James Mason read Browning or T. S. Eliot recite Eliot (both on Caedmon Records at $5.95), or to lie back in your living room while Winston Churchill goes through half a century of his own speeches (in Ed Murrow's "I Can Hear It Now," Volume 4), does enable you to bypass the printed page. And one enthusiast of the recorded word, Mr. David Ross, who recently declaimed an anthology of lyric poetry for RCA-Victor under the title "Poet's Gold," holds that reading is simply no match for it. "A poem should be heard," he says. "To speak it aloud is to liberate it from the page. It is an act of deliverance . . . I am reminded of the caged bird: We have but to free it, to observe the full range of its flight. So with the poem."

It does depend a little on how you do it, though. Mr. Ross attacks Keats's "La Belle Dame sans Merci," for instance, with a voice bent on orchestrating it after the manner of Stokowski improving on Bach. One wonders whether Keats, along with Matthew Arnold and Emily Dickinson and the others represented in his anthology, would have regarded their words as "caged birds" until "liberated" by Mr. Ross on RCA-Victor record ECA-269.

'Daddy, Who's Harold Ickes?'

Some things the spoken word on records can do, however, which books don't do so immediately or so well. Every time Presidential election year rolls around, book publishers almost automatically bring out a new round of political-party histories and memoirs of eminent party figures. These efforts to profit from the moment's political interest usually end up after November on drugstore book-remainder shelves at fifty-nine cents. But this year, Columbia has come out with a lively album called "Politics, USA," in observance of the present campaign and in commemoration of those that went before it. You may hear speakers of other days ranging from Franklin D. Roosevelt to Wendell Willkie and even the late Ogden Mills all raised in electoral combat, and you may relive the duels of such old masters of invective as the late Secretary Harold L. Ickes and gravel-voiced General Hugh ("Ironpants") Johnson belaboring one another.

ICKES: "General Johnson . . . is a hard fighter, always charging bravely, although sometimes simultaneously in all directions . . . He can be . . . generous in his attitude, even if he is cockeyed as to many of his ideas." (Laughter). . . .

JOHNSON: "Ladies and Gentlemen, and my dear Mr. Secretary: To defend a thing, you must know what it is and what threatens it. What is democracy? I fear Harold thinks democracy is anything that Tommy Corcoran says it is. . . . I shall not take time to answer Mr. Ickes. I submit that he didn't say anything." (Laughter)

So far as I know, this particular passage isn't in any book. I tried it on my children and also got (Laughter), along with such questions as "Daddy, who was Secretary Ickes? . . . and that General with the funny voice? . . . and who's the Tommy he talked about?"

I can see how such records can contribute to education as well as to reminiscence.

The Caedmon Girls

In a cubbyhole office above several grubby floors of wholesalers on New York's Fifth Avenue near Thirtieth Street sit two personable girls in their mid-twenties who together run one of the most unlikely and successful small businesses in America. Partner Barbara Cohen is an engaging brunette and partner Marianne Roney a vivacious blonde. Together they were graduated in 1950 from Hunter College, where they met in a Greek class while they were both majoring in Humanities. Today, when you confront them at their adjoining desks behind the sign reading CAEDMON PUBLISHERS, they are full of brisk business talk—but the substance of it is such figures as Dylan Thomas, E. E. Cummings, and Thomas Mann, all of whom they have recorded for posterity.

While telephones ring and bookkeepers pop in and out, voices come from loudspeakers in a side office. "I weep for Adonaïs—he is dead!" That would be actor Vincent Price, reading Shelley for September release. "Whose woods these are I think I know." That's Robert Frost, reading his own. Pick up a record from the side table: It may be Herbert Marshall, the screen star memorable for his suavity opposite such sirens as Marlene Dietrich, cast in the somewhat improbable role of reading from the sermons and meditations of John Donne. (He reads them well, though perhaps he gets a bit lost in their involuted, Baroque imagery—as who doesn't—until he comes to the "No man is an Iland" passage made famous in our time by Ernest Hemingway's use of it, at which point he becomes an actor impersonating the Public Orator.)

The next record may be Edith Sitwell reading from herself in her clanking, metallic voice. Or Thomas Mann, magisterially giving his

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own *Tonio Kröger* in German. Or Professor Wilson, setting forth on the Iliad in carefully stressed Hunter College Greek.

"And you know, nothing we've put out so far has lost money," says Miss Cohen with a bright-eyed,

knock-on-wood air. "Not even that one in Greek. And from the way Dylan Thomas is going—he's our best-seller—we expect to hit a hundred thousand copies of his records by Christmas."

Eliot at His Best

Such records, designed for the *avant-garde*, would seem to demonstrate that there are a sizable number of people in our midst who either belong to that class or wish to. These performances are not a substitute for reading. They might best be called an extension or a reminder of reading. A few of them are read abominably—as when poet Marianne Moore struggles to project her own verse in a reedy, quavering voice reminiscent of an old-fashioned schoolmistress reciting "The boy stood on the burning deck" to an unruly classroom—thereby proving simply that some writers just can't do themselves justice. Other works take on new stature through performance. Although I, for one, was reduced to yawns by reading Dylan Thomas's verbose short story "A Child's Christmas in Wales," I found myself shaken when hearing it given in Thomas's own glorious voice. A few works, by the grace of happenstance and Caedmon Publishers, are superb originals read superbly by their own creators.

The people over at Spoken Arts, Inc.—another new organization in the words-on-records business—may be guilty of a romantic fallacy when they write, "How exciting it would be to listen to Ibsen or Strindberg or Barrie or Shaw or O'Neill . . . read selections from their own plays!" O'Neill, to those who knew him, was a poor reader of his own work in spite of his early acting background, and the pleasures of hearing Ibsen run through *Ghosts* in the original Norwegian would necessarily have been limited. But when Caedmon presents T. S. Eliot reading the "Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" and the opening chorus from *Murder in the Cathedral* in a world-weary voice that misses no subtlety of inflection and movement within the framework of his strict scansion and imagery, we have written masterpieces compounded by the spoken medium. Here there is no question of "liberation," but simply of extraordinary realization. Mr. Eliot happens to be able to speak as subtly and richly as he writes.

THERE IS clearly a certain hunger for good writing well spoken. Last year the recording firm of Westminster, which occupies loft-like quarters in the International Ladies Garment Workers' building on Seventh Avenue and specializes in providing chamber music for the elite, imported several readings of English poetry as an experiment, and was astonished to find that one of them, a recital of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," sold twenty thousand copies within a few months. This year Westminster, emboldened, has taken unto itself an affiliate called Spoken Arts, dedicated to encouraging "a revival and re-evaluation of the importance of the spoken word." The new project is headed by Arthur Luce Klein, a brisk, multilingual Ph.D. who has taught playwriting, acting, and directing at the Universities of Michigan and California and toured in his own productions abroad. Spoken Arts has launched upon an ambitious program of presenting readings ranging over half a dozen languages and centuries—much of it in collaboration with school and college authorities. Many school and college teachers, given the declining cultural standards in a time of simple stress on "life adjustment" and vocational training, are unable to perform even elementary exercises in presenting literature to their pupils—or so their betters have told Spoken Arts. If Instructor John Smith, an efficient teacher of Business Letter Writing who is in charge of Freshman English at Siwash, doesn't know how to approach Shakespeare or even Whitman, then give him a record. The same goes for the teachers of foreign languages and literatures. After hearing recommendations from some seventy-five chairmen of German departments around the country, Spoken Arts has produced an hour of favorite German poems read by Henry Schnitzler, son of the playwright Arthur Schnitzler. Mr. Schnitzler reads Goethe as Professor Wilson reads Homer—loudly, a little dogmatically, and with a sense of cultural mission. But at least there now will be something besides grammar drill for hundreds of classes.

Siobhán as Juno

Dr. Klein, who in the field of lighter literature has also recorded "Informal Hours" with humorist S. J. Perelman and regionalist J. Frank Dobie ("Stories of the Southwest: Big-Foot Wallace and the Hickory

Nuts," etc.), is now well launched on "Golden Treasuries" of French, Irish, Spanish, and other European verse. Caedmon Publishers, who have already produced an anthology of English verse from Chaucer through Browning (introduced by Mark Van Doren), are now planning to do the same to English prose, from Malory through Samuel

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Butler, to sell for $29.75 for the set.

The race is now on for the first treasury of American prose. Columbia, with its "Literary Series" of leading contemporary writers reading their own (originally marketed at one hundred dollars per leather-bound album), seemed for a while to have cornered the market. But it soon became clear that Columbia had made the mistake of confusing literary fashion with literary excellence and the author's voice with speaking ability; it all came to a sad end when William Saroyan was immortalized in a wandering impromptu in whose background you are supposed to be able to hear household sounds produced by the Saroyan family against a Florida beach-side setting. You can now buy the Saroyan record separately, if you must, for $3.98. Spoken Arts was a good deal more perspicacious when it got playwright Arthur Miller to talk about and read from his *Death of a Salesman* and *The Crucible*. Mr. Miller reads extremely well in a variety of accents and inflections the various parts he has written, giving a credible illusion of the artist in his workshop.

The Angel recording firm, celebrated particularly for its disks of Italian opera, recently made a trip to Dublin to record one of the indubitable masterpieces of our day, O'Casey's *Juno and the Paycock*, starring Siobhán McKenna ($6.96). This is no jazzed-up version with highlights, commentary, and musical effects, and so you need the actual text beside you in order to follow the cast of characters, the exits and entrances. It is perhaps the most splendid dramatic recording ever made, well worth the nuisance of handling one of those things called books to which people used to devote so much time.

IT IS NOT CLEAR to me why anyone should especially wish to switch on his record player of an evening and listen to an hour of Professor Preston Slosson delivering (in Spoken Arts' Distinguished Teachers' Series) a classroom lecture on "The Uses of History." Nor was I able to stick with S. J. Perelman's "Informal Hour" to the end. But is is striking to find many Americans, despite all the wooing by other channels of communication that do not require even the effort of placing a needle into a groove, still wedded to the Word. On an evening when you feel inclined to neither the printed page nor TV, you may now attend John Milton or Edna Ferber or Dylan Thomas without commercials. Or you may hear one of the greatest verbal artists of them all, Winston Churchill, whose words of reassurance spoken at the war's darkest moment ("Do not despair, brave Norwegians. . . . Lift up your heads, gallant Frenchmen. . . . Have faith. Have hope. Deliverance is sure") still ring with such splendor through the night that neither you nor your children nor your children's children will need a book.

Sociological Habit Patterns in Linguistic Transmogrification

MALCOLM COWLEY

I HAVE a friend who started as a poet and then decided to take a postgraduate degree in sociology. For his doctoral dissertation he combined his two interests by writing on the social psychology of poets. He had visited poets by the dozen, asking each of them a graded series of questions, and his conclusions from the interviews were modest and useful, though reported in what seemed to me a barbarous jargon. After reading the dissertation I wrote and scolded him. "You have such a fine sense of the poet's craft," I said, "that you shouldn't have allowed the sociologists to seduce you into writing their professional slang—or at least that's my judgmental response to your role selection."

My friend didn't write to defend himself; he waited until we met again. Then dropping his voice, he said: "I knew my dissertation was badly written, but I had to get my degree. If I had written it in English, Professor Blank"—he mentioned a rather distinguished name—"would have rejected it. He would have said it was merely belletristic."

From that time I began to study the verbal folkways of the sociologists. I read what they call "the literature." A few sociologists write the best English they are capable of writing, and I suspect that they are the best men in the field. There is no mystery about them. If they go wrong, their mistakes can be seen and corrected. Others, however—and a vast majority—write in a language that has to be learned almost like Esperanto. It has a private vocabulary which, in addition to strictly sociological terms, includes new words for the commonest actions, feelings, and circumstances. It has the beginnings of a new grammar and syntax, much inferior to English grammar in force and precision. So far as it has an effect on standard English, the effect is largely pernicious.

SOMETIMES it misleads the sociologists themselves, by making them think they are profoundly scientific at points where they are merely being verbose. I can illustrate by trying a simple exercise in translation, that is, by expressing an idea first in English and then seeing what it looks like in the language of sociology.

An example that comes to hand is the central idea of an article by Norman E. Green, printed in the February, 1956, issue of the *American Sociological Review*. In English his argument might read as follows:

"Rich people live in big houses set farther apart than those of poor people. By looking at an aerial photograph of any American city, we can distinguish the richer from the poorer neighborhoods."

I won't have to labor over a sociological expression of the same idea, because Mr. Green has saved me the trouble. Here is part of his contribution to comparative linguistics. "In effect, it was hypothesized," he

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says—a sociologist must never say "I assumed," much less "I guessed"—"that certain physical data categories including housing types and densities, land use characteristics, and ecological location"—not just "location," mind you, but "ecological location," which is almost equivalent to locational location—"constitute a scalable content area. This could be called a continuum of residential desirability. Likewise, it was hypothesized that several social data categories, describing the same census tracts, and referring generally to the social stratification system of the city, would also be scalable. This scale could be called a continuum of socio-economic status. Thirdly, it was hypothesized that there would be a high positive correlation between the scale types on each continuum."

Here, after ninety-four words, Mr. Green is stating, or concealing, an assumption with which most laymen would have started, that rich people live in good neighborhoods. He is now almost ready for his deduction, or snapper:

"This relationship would define certain linkages between the social and physical structure of the city. It would also provide a precise definition of the commonalities among several spatial distributions. By the same token, the correlation between the residential desirability scale and the continuum of socio-economic status would provide an estimate of the predictive value of aerial photographic data relative to the social ecology of the city."

Mr. Green has used 160 words—counting "socio-economic" as only one—to express an idea that a layman would have stated in thirty-three. As a matter of fact, he has used many more than 160 words, since the whole article is an elaboration of this one thesis. Whatever may be the virtues of the sociological style—or Socspeak, as George Orwell might have called it—it is not specifically designed to save ink and paper. Let us briefly examine some of its other characteristics.

Fuzzing Up the Obvious

A layman's first impression of sociological prose, as compared with English prose, is that it contains a very large proportion of abstract words, most of them built on Greek or Latin roots. Often—as in the example just quoted—they are used to inflate or transmogrify a meaning that could be clearly expressed in shorter words surviving from King Alfred's time.

These Old English or Anglo-Saxon words are in number less than one-tenth of the entries in the largest dictionaries. But they are the names of everyday objects, attributes, and actions, and they are also the pronouns, the auxiliary verbs, and most of the prepositions and conjunctions, so that they form the grammatical structure of the language. The result is that most novelists use six Anglo-Saxon words for every one derived from French, Latin, or Greek, and that is probably close to the percentage that would be found in spoken English.

For comparison or contrast, I counted derivations in the passage quoted from the *American Sociological Review*, which is a typical example of "the literature." No less than forty-nine per cent of Mr. Green's prose consists of words from foreign or classical languages. By this standard of measurement, his article is more abstruse than most textbooks of advanced chemistry and higher mathematics, which are said to contain only forty per cent of such words.

In addition to being abstruse, the language of the sociologists is also rich in neologisms. Apparently they like nothing better than inventing a word, deforming a word, or using a technical word in a strange context. Among their favorite nouns are "ambit," "extensity" (for "extent"), "scapegoating," "socializee," "ethnicity," "directionality," "cathexis," "affect" (for "feeling"), "maturation" (for both "maturing" and "maturity"), and "commonalities" (for "points in common"). Among their favorite adjectives are "processual," "prestigeful," and "insightful"—which last is insightful to murder—and perhaps their favorite adverb is "minimally," which seems to mean "in some measure." Their maximal pleasure seems to lie in making new combinations of nouns and adjectives and nouns used as adjectives, until the reader feels that he is picking his way through a field of huge boulders, lost among "universalistic-specific achievement patterns" and "complementary role-expectation-sanction systems," as he struggles vainly toward "ego-integrative action orientation," guided only by "orientation to improvement of the gratification-deprivation balance of the actor"—which last is

Professor Talcott Parsons's rather involved way of saying "the pleasure principle."

But Professor Parsons, head of the Sociology Department at Harvard, is not the only delinquent recidivist, convicted time and again of corrupting the language. Among sociologists in general there is a criminal fondness for using complicated terms when there are simple ones available. A child says "Do it again," a teacher says "Repeat the exercise," but the sociologist says "It was determined to replicate the investigation." Instead of saying two things are alike or similar, as a layman would do, the sociologist describes them in being either isomorphic or homologous. Instead of saying that they are different, he calls them allotropic. Every form of leadership or influence is called a hegemony.

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A sociologist never cuts anything in half or divides it in two like a layman. Instead he dichotomizes it, bifurcates it, subjects it to a process of binary fission, or restructures it in a dyadic conformation—around polar foci.

The New Grammar

So far I have been dealing with the vocabulary of sociologists, but their private language has a grammar too, and one that should be the subject of intensive research by the staff of a very well-endowed foundation. I have space to mention only a few of its more striking features.

The first of these is the preponderance of nouns over all the other parts of speech. Nouns are used in hyphenated pairs or dyads, and sometimes in triads, tetrads, and pentads. Nouns are used as adjectives without change of form, and they are often used as verbs, with or without the suffix "ize." The sociological language is gritty with nouns, like sanded sugar.

On the other hand, it is poor in pronouns. The singular pronoun of the first person has entirely disappeared, except in case histories, for the sociologist never comes forward as "I." Sometimes he refers to himself as "the author" or "the investigator," or as "many sociologists," or even as "the best sociologists," when he is advancing a debatable opinion. On rare occasions he calls himself "we," like Queen Elizabeth speaking from the throne, but he usually avoids any personal form and writes as if he were a force of nature.

The second-personal pronoun has also disappeared, for the sociologist pretends to be speaking not to living persons but merely for the record. Masculine and feminine pronouns of the third person are used with parsimony, and most sociologists prefer to say "the subject," or "X____," or "the interviewee," where a layman would use the simple "he" or "she." As for the neuter pronoun of the third person, it survives chiefly as the impersonal subject of a passive verb. "It was hypothesized," we read, or "It was found to be the case." Found by *whom?*

The neglect and debasement of the verb is another striking feature of "the literature." The sociologist likes to reduce a transitive verb to an intransitive, so that he speaks of people's adapting, adjusting, transferring, relating, and identifying, with no more of a grammatical object than if they were coming or going. He seldom uses transitive verbs of action, like "break," "injure," "help," and "adore." Instead he uses verbs of relation, verbs which imply that one series of nouns and adjectives, used as the compound subject of a sentence, is larger or smaller than, dominant over, subordinate to, causative of, or resultant from another series of nouns and adjectives.

Considering this degradation of the verb, I have wondered how one of Julius Caesar's boasts could be translated into Socspeak. What Caesar wrote was "*Veni, vidi, vici*"—only three words, all of them verbs. The English translation is in six words: "I came, I saw, I conquered," and three of the words are first-personal pronouns, which the sociologist is taught to avoid. I suspect that he would have to write: "Upon the advent of the investigator, his hegemony became minimally coextensive with the areal unit rendered visible by his successive displacements in space."

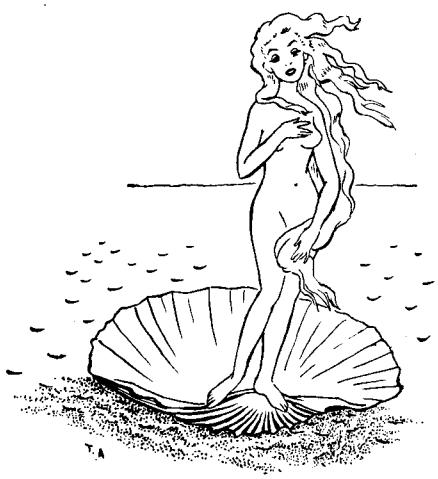
THE WHOLE sad situation leads me to dream of a vast allegorical painting called "The Triumph of the Nouns." It would depict a chariot of victory drawn by the other conquered parts of speech—the adverbs and adjectives still robust, if yoked and harnessed; the prepositions bloated and pale; the conjunctions tortured; the pronouns reduced to sexless skeletons; the verbs dichotomized and feebly tottering—while behind them, arrogant, overfed, roseate, spilling over the triumphal car, would be the company of nouns in Roman togas and Greek chitons, adorned with laurel branches and flowering hegemonies.

Norma Jean Mortenson On the Half Shell

TOM ARMSTRONG

WILL ACTING SPOIL MARILYN MONROE? by Pete Martin. *Doubleday. $2.95.*

Four men and a girl sat around a large, white wrought-iron table under a pepper tree in the brick-laid Polo Patio of the Beverly Hills Hotel. The setting was posh and the food, planned for those on a strict diet of butterfly steak and creamed chicken pancakes suzette, was recommended for the attenuation of heavy expense accounts. High above them floated a nimbus.



The people were solid flesh, with bank accounts. The nimbus was the image of the world's love goddess. The select male quartet was made up of a public-relations man, a movie director, a photographer from Connecticut, and Pete Martin, an associate editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. The girl, under a turbulent cascade of platinum curls, ruminated simultaneously on a deck of whole-wheat crackers and on the prospect of playing Grushenka in *The Brothers Karamazov*. She was later to become Mrs. Arthur Miller, but she had been known first as Norma Jean Mortenson, then as Mrs. Jim Dougherty, and most recently as Mrs. Joe DiMaggio. The nimbus was Marilyn Monroe.

For some time all these people

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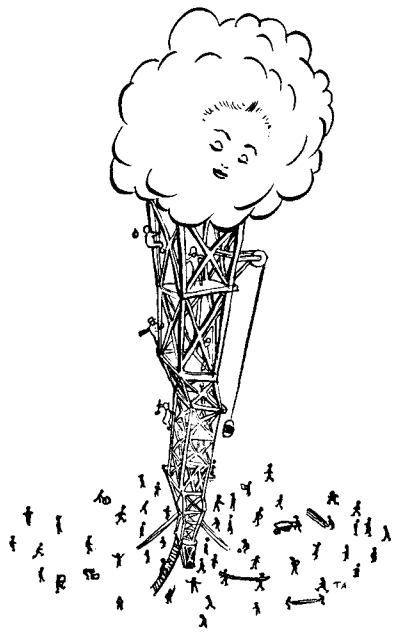


except author Martin had made it their specific concern to create, launch, and sustain the ubiquitous sex symbol known as Marilyn Monroe. A full and candid account of their production, of how she became airborne in the public mind, makes up the body of this brief and breezy though somewhat wandering narrative. The eighty-six pages of text, an expanded magazine article, serve largely to document the forty publicity poses with which the book is lavishly interpaged. In these photographs it is not possible to distinguish the goddess from the girl by costume alone—the goddess sometimes wears a potato sack. She is distinguished by her open mouth and half-closed eyes.

'Blonde All Over'

Mr. Martin's style is first person casual, the reportorial approach fostered by the late Alva Johnston. The dialogue is laced with the syntax familiar to the craftsmen of Southern California whose job it is to embellish perforated strips of celluloid, and it is brightened with the choicest Monroe quotations, most of which have long been a part of her personal legend. These have the virtues of being easy to remember and never out of character for an eager love goddess. For example, Marilyn explains why she does not choose to render herself under the California sun: "I do not suntan because I like to feel blonde all over."

Miss Monroe's childhood, spent in an orphanage and among "eleven or twelve" sets of foster parents, is glossed over lightly, since her existence as Norma Jean Mortenson was remote from the current interests of anyone on the Polo Patio. As poignantly illuminating as this background is to her current status, her birth was an apt beginning for a deity. Like the original Venus who emerged from the Mediterranean standing pink and dry on the half shell, the image of Marilyn Monroe first appeared in a state of ripe perfection, unrelated to humanity by either parentage or kin.

At one point Mr. Martin turns the conversation to Miss Monroe's recent holiday from the movies, and the decisive role played by the popular sex symbol in the conflict between Miss Monroe, the individual, and Twentieth Century-Fox, the huge corporation. Back at the beginning of her career the studio had dropped Marilyn's bit-player contract, and to pay her rent she posed in the nude for the Calendar of the Useless Dates. Years later, back at the studio with her career zooming, she found herself being shunted against her will from one picture into another. This, compounded with the nightmarish pressure from newsmen and the public in the wake of her divorce from Joe DiMaggio, brought on an severe attack of very mundane nausea. Forthwith she quietly left the studio, went to New York, and began studying the technique of acting under the Lee Strasbergs at the Actors' Studio.

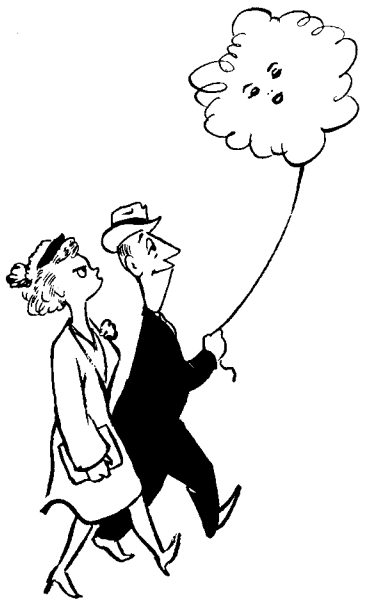
Stupid Question

It is the unnerving task of people in public relations to construct Empire State Buildings with matchsticks, often to see their handiwork collapse in ruins when their appointed subject moves off the plumb line. Some 350 of these workers had meticulously built up the image of Marilyn Monroe as the ultimate sex symbol in the public mind when she decamped from Fox. They stood aghast to see their lofty Venus destroy the supports they had raised for her, and then, *mirabile dictu*, sail away in the wind, floating over a worshiping world as blithe and heedless as a cloud. Neither Zeus nor Zanuck could bring the nimbus back to earth again.

With her friend Milton H. Greene (the photographer in the Polo Patio) as vice-president, Marilyn formed her own producing company, Marilyn Monroe, Inc. In order to keep her image hovering part time within its orbit, Fox was happy to make generous concessions to her, and it is estimated that her new contract will bring her eight million dollars in the next seven years. Several times in the course of the book there is a protest that Marilyn is not stupid in any way. One wonders why the question ever came up.

FOR MANY PEOPLE the moot title question, *Will Acting Spoil Marilyn Monroe?*, has been resolved by Joshua Logan, her director in "Bus Stop," who compares her flair for comedy and pathos with Chaplin's and adds that "she is the nearest thing also to Garbo." And she has hardly begun to study!

If Marilyn, the mortal girl, wishes to learn to act for her own extramural amusement, that is her privilege. Of course she will run the risk of being cast in a number of unbecoming jams such as Riding Through the Night to Save the Garrison at Kuwait, or Sacrificing Herself for the Whims of Her Children. But the deity Marilyn Monroe, who said, "I don't care about money. I just want to be wonderful," is another matter. She was born a goddess and will remain one.



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The Air Belongs to Us

ROBERT BINGHAM

THE PUBLIC ARTS, by Gilbert Seldes. *Simon and Schuster. $3.95.*

If it is the age of total war, it is no less, we must suddenly realize, the age of total entertainment. In one generation we have come from the day Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover sturdily refused to support legislation for regulating radio commercials because he was convinced that "the American people would not stand for advertising on the air" to the day when millions of American people are simultaneously invited to wonder where the yellow went. Radio, the talking pictures, and television have all sprung in a few decades from an electronic gadget whose inventor has lived to look upon the results and to suggest—only half joking—that it ought to be called "De Forest's prime evil."

As with other absolute weapons, we face both the problem of seeing that these wonders do not destroy us and the challenge of seeing that their enormous potential for peaceful uses is realized. And it *is* up to us. For these new arts are indeed, as Gilbert Seldes says, public—public in just about the same sense that roads and rivers are public: We all enjoy them and, what's more, we all depend upon them. They possess, in Mr. Seldes's words, a "power so great that they impose on us the positive obligation to control and direct them." With most of our best brains and talents being drawn to art forms that are available not just to a few thousand aristocrats but to very nearly every man, woman, and child in the land, a question of public policy is raised that is at least as important as most of those the politicians are mouthing in this election year: Is popular democracy the inevitable enemy of culture? Can the mass media provide something more than mass mediocrities? This is much too important a matter to be brushed aside with the facile snobbery adopted by many of our aesthetes.

Gilbert Seldes is one critic who has taken the trouble to study the mechanics and techniques of the performances he writes about. Since the publication of *The Seven Lively Arts* in 1924 he has consistently been both the most perceptive and the most knowledgeable of those who

comment on popular culture. He is thus uniquely qualified to explain in specific terms not only why the three public arts are as bad as they are but also why they are as good as they are, and as full of promise for the future. What can we do to make them better? Mr. Seldes points toward a specific answer here too.

Shakespeare Lovers, Unite!

The Federal Communications Commission itself seems sometimes to forget it, but the essential raw material of at least two out of three of the public arts belongs to the people. When a publisher buys paper to print a newspaper, that paper is his and he can do with it pretty much what he wants as long as he stays within the libel and slander laws. To this degree the freedom of the press is a relatively pure one in our society. But when we the people lend one of our limited number of transmission frequencies to a radio or TV station, that channel is not entirely theirs to do with as they see fit. We still have some rights, and our views should be respected in much the same way that stockholders' views are respected.

What most of us don't realize is that they are—at least whenever we take the trouble to express them. But we rarely bother. This is not to suggest that Shakespeare will always triumph over "I Love Lucy" in a fair fight. But in a government of checks and balances, those who like Shakespeare are certainly very foolish if they don't even cast their ballots.

The sponsor, who is not quite the villain he has been made out, is often pathetically eager to hear what the people on the other end have to say. His purpose, remember, is to sell his toothpaste, and for that he wants two things—a few minutes to talk about where the yellow went and the assurance that his product is being associated with a program that people like.

If the people don't tell him what they like, he has no other choice than to believe the network and agency people who sell the shows —and who are therefore not exactly unbiased—and to study the professional audience polls. Did it ever occur to you that a television poll tells only how many people had their sets tuned to a certain program at a certain time, and nothing at all about how they liked it? The program a ten-year-old insists on watching may be actively antagonizing his parents, the ones who buy the toothpaste.

Using the Mails to Delouse

The bodies that have constituted themselves pressure groups around the country are surely on the right track. You can even begin by keeping a few dozen postal cards handy with which to inform the networks and sponsors when you like something and when you don't. At least that way you can feel that you aren't just taking it lying down.

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A Southerner's View Of a Southerner's Book

JAMES W. PROTHRO

SEGREGATION: THE INNER CONFLICT IN THE SOUTH, by Robert Penn Warren. *Random House. $1.95.*

The arguments of this book are painfully familiar to anyone who lives in the South. Weather, politics, sex, and baseball are all neglected for or incorporated into unavoidable and endless discussion of "the Negro problem." Conflicts exist in all sections and are mirrored in various degrees in all individuals. But the particular inner conflict with which Robert Penn Warren deals here is peculiar both in its intensity and in the degree to which it pits rationality, compassion, and hope against prejudice, hatred, and fear.

The great merit of Mr. Warren's treatment lies in the fact that it beautifully captures the mood of confusion and frustration that pervades the South. But although it thus achieves distinction as a work of art, it is much less satisfying as a piece of social analysis. Mr. Warren does not subject the inner conflicts of the South to systematic analysis, he mirrors them. And since he applies to himself the statement "I feel it's all happening inside of me, every bit of it," there is surprisingly little here with which most literate Southerners would disagree, be they for or against integration.

In so far as Mr. Warren has a thesis, it would appear to be this: Neither the South as a section nor the Southerner as an individual is unified on the segregation issue; their tensions are so deep-rooted that no overnight solution of the problem can be expected. Although this is an eminently sensible point of view, this Southerner found the book less stimulating and informative than he expected.

Perhaps this is because its basic position is so obviously sensible as hardly to need stating. The arguments for and against segregation are probably less in need of emphasis than the costs segregation imposes on the South—and these costs Mr. Warren almost completely ignores. The hackneyed justifications for segregation are in any case less in need of presentation than of analysis.

Mr. Warren on the 'Power State'

With the book's major theme so unquestionable, a minor note that might otherwise have been overlooked assumes added importance: Mr. Warren describes the "power state" as a fearful thing. When this is coupled with his feeling that desegregation cannot be achieved "soon," one wonders just how long he would like to see it delayed. I cannot believe that so sensitive and humane a person as Robert Penn Warren regards Supreme Court decisions applying Constitutional standards to race relations as the pernicious work of the power state, but many may draw just that inference. To do so is to condemn our government unjustly and to ignore the fact that not one concrete step toward full rights for the Southern Negro—whether in voting or in education—has been achieved without the intervention of the national government. Mr. Warren's fear would be more understandable if it were focused upon the use of official power by state governments to continue enforced segregation in defiance of Constitutional interpretation, but this does not appear to be the source of his concern.

ON ANOTHER LEVEL, the book may be said to lack authority because of its discursive character. A representative sample of public opinion in the South would be of great value in explaining the inner conflicts of Southerners. The author disclaims any pretense at such a systematic approach, however, describing his work as "a report of conversations" that took place during travel in five Southern states. While it would be foolish to expect a gifted novelist and poet to adopt the tedious techniques of the social scientist, one may lament the fact that he moves in that direction just enough to leave his own area of excellence.

However real these limitations, at least they were voluntarily imposed. In the restricted task he sets for himself, Mr. Warren succeeds admirably. The anxieties of the South may not be explained or interpreted here, but they are faithfully reflected. And it is most refreshing to have them pictured by a Southerner (he so describes himself, regardless of his Connecticut residence) who is not an apologist for injustices to the Negro.

Underlying the anxieties Mr. Warren describes there is a whole series of heavy costs that officially enforced segregation imposes on the South. Completely aside from the economic waste found in duplication of facilities and barriers to the development or utilization of Negro talent, the psychic costs are staggering.

The Psychic Costs

While no doubt important to the whites, segregation is the one overwhelming fact of life for the Negroes. Some it degrades into subservience, though opinion surveys indicate that these are in the minority. Some deleterious effect on the personalities of the most sturdy, however, appears unavoidable. Psychologists point to many pitfalls in the rearing of children under the best of circumstances. How can the task be handled when the parent must explain to a child that he is automatically inferior by virtue of a skin pigmentation he is powerless to change? As one Negro parent put it to me, "I understand segregation and my wife understands segregation, but have you ever tried explaining it to a six-year-old child?"

Dominated by this experience, capable Negroes devote their thoughts and energies even more exclusively to problems of segregation than do their white counterparts. What a waste of time and talent! There are whole worlds of learning open to any bright student, but if he is a Negro Southern society forces him

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to neglect a rounded education in his concern for attaining the most elementary rights of a democracy.

Other Negroes with ability take a different course. These are the minority who seize upon segregation as a route to self-aggrandizement. If a Negro of modest talent can become a rich doctor or lawyer, a respected high-school principal or college president because the field of competition is narrow (and his more competent colleagues are unwilling to subserve the interest of the dominant white majority), his concern may be for *maintaining* segregation. It is to the eternal credit of Negro teachers that the vast majority favor integration even though its achievement might threaten their own livelihoods. I heard one spokesman for this group explain that he was willing to take his chances in any reasonably fair competition, but he noted that some Negroes had developed a vested interest in segregation. "They may wear chic dresses and charcoal flannel suits instead of bandannas and tattered overalls," he said, "but we have a name for them—we call them Uncle Thomases."

THE NEGRO is not the only one who suffers. The white Southerner, who is generally thought to receive advantages from segregation, must also pay his share of the cost. Have you ever tried to talk to another creature, knowing he was a human being but realizing with horror that he feels unfree to respond as one? For me, it is more degrading than ennobling to have my jokes laughed at when they are not funny, to have my whims regarded as unerringly correct, to have my superiors in years and talent treat me with deference. It is only slightly less stultifying to be unable to criticize an obnoxious person who happens to be a Negro because one knows it will be interpreted as an indictment of an entire ethnic group. Bernard DeVoto once offered the best indicator I know of progress in race relations when he said the problem would be solved when a man of good will could call a Negro a son of a bitch without suffering guilt feelings.

For the segregationist, the South's "peculiar institution" is even more costly. In the first place, it corrodes the morals of the otherwise well-intentioned citizen who commits himself to the general concepts of equality and brotherhood while simultaneously insisting on white supremacy and group judgment rather than individual judgment of the Negro. As a generally decent sort of person, he will not give up the first principles per se, but as a segregationist he will violate them as regards a large part of the Southern population. At least subconsciously he is shamed by the contradiction, but he cannot bring himself to put the more fundamental principles into operation except under pressure of the law.

There is no further loss in the degree to which the segregationist commits himself to irrationality and emotionalism. The white-supremacy advocate must necessarily set up barriers around his own mind. Lower-class Negroes tend his children and prepare his food, but middle-class Negroes in school "would endanger his children's health." Negroes are no distraction when they are carrying his golf clubs but they would ruin his follow-through if he could see them swinging their own clubs. He knows that some white Southerners are conspicuously more dirty, diseased, and ignorant than many Negroes, but he uses personal choice to avoid the former while pretending he needs the law to bar himself from the latter.

He can see evidences that miscegenation was more common in the South of slavery that it is today and in the contemporary South than in the North. He knows that his daughter is attracted to young men of similar background and ethnic group, but he acts as if she would inevitably prefer to marry a Negro if she ever sat beside one in a classroom. He insists on white supremacy, but assumes that the Negro will prove the more attractive mate unless barred by law.

FOR ONE who lives surrounded by these ideas, it is easy to understand Mr. Warren's commitment to desegregation. It is equally, if regrettably, obvious that the Supreme Court was wise in permitting a period of adjustment in the interest of achieving this goal.

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Book Notes

BABY DOLL, by Tennessee Williams. *New Directions. $3.*

Few of us have met the people Williams writes about, and few of us would want to: They are violent, driven, mindless, and often sick. But they are almost always fascinating, as they are here in this exercise in variation: a movie script and two short plays dealing with the same four characters in the same general situation with a gin mill as background and Southern degeneracy as texture. There is Meighan, a middle-aged barbarian of a man; Baby Doll or Flora, his young wife; Silva, a young Italian American; and Aunt Rose, a witless old woman who lives with the couple. It is a story of arson and jealousy, of blackmail and regression, of sex and frustration, and the hottest variation of this theme is the one which we will see as a movie shortly: "Baby Doll." It is the hottest and most exciting, not only because Williams has such a fantastically clear visual sense that each scene leaps out of the page but also because he has made the wife a luscious teen-ager who sleeps in a crib with her finger in her mouth until Silva makes a woman of her. Baby Doll is quite a character, and a lot of the things she says are funny as anything. The plays, however, are hardly comedies.

THE LADY AND THE VOTE, by Marion Sanders. *Houghton Mifflin. $2.95.*

Anyone who watched "Ladies' Day" at both conventions with a mounting sense of dismay at political women may be persuaded by this little book that there is hope for them after all. For Mrs. Sanders is one of a comparatively new breed: tough, charming, good-looking, humorous women, with well-modulated voices, who throw their well-controlled weight into the political fray with no illusions about the hazards involved or the compromises demanded, and with a skin thick enough to survive them. There is good practical stuff here about these hazards, about the compensating stimulation, about the kind of husband a political woman needs, and the kind of men she has to work with. Mrs. Sanders is a pro.

NOBLESSE OBLIGE, edited by Nancy Mitford. *Harper. $3.*

Because "nobody is likely to accuse either this learned man or his Finnish readers of undue snobbishness," the Hon. Nancy Mitford pegs her tongue-in-cheek observations on the British caste system on an essay by Professor Alan Ross originally published in a Finnish philological journal. Together, they examine the nature of contemporary English aristocracy. Today, a member of the upper class is, for instance, not necessarily better educated, cleaner, or richer than someone not of this class. The assumption is that it is his use of language that sets him apart. Instinctively, he chooses the words—e.g., "rich" and "false teeth," rather than "wealthy" and "dentures" which serve to distinguish him from his inferiors. There is considerable doubt that the lower-class adult can ever successfully consciously make the transition, "because one word or phrase will suffice to brand an apparent U-speaker as originally non-U." Besides, he is probably an addict of the radio, movies, telephones, and air mail—all of them hopelessly non-U, because mechanization and speed are equally distasteful.

The United States comes in for its share of attention. "Our ambassadors . . . are experienced diplomatists, not socially ambitious millionairesses," comments Miss Mitford acidly, and Evelyn Waugh, who contributes his very upper-class and somewhat arch tuppence, announces blandly that the "American vocabulary is pulverized between the two stones of refinement and overstatement."

It's all a somewhat intramural spoof—much ado about U. Besides the linguistic analysis, the burden of which appeared originally in *Encounter*, there are amusing illustrations by Osbert Lancaster and an irreverent introduction by Russell Lynes, who launched the game in the first place, some years back, with his well-remembered "Highbrow, Middlebrow, Lowbrow."

THE FAIR GAME, by Constantine Fitzgibbon. *Norton. Cloth $3.75, paper $1.35.*

A pink baroque cupid on the dust jacket gives promise, fulfilled, of a determinedly light and sophisticated story, Mr. Fitzgibbon, a Lenox, Massachusetts, boy, is as American as Evelyn Waugh. His English patter, much of it interspersed with "I said:" and "She said:" on separate lines to enhance the airiness, seems authentic but is new to a reader nurtured on vintage Wodehouse; a spot of glossary would be helpful.

Most of the action is laid in a wartime England alive with bright young people. The author employs a whole arsenal of literary weapons against such sitting ducks as an Anglophile German baron, an inverted book publisher, motor-racing enthusiasts, training-camp commanders, and an aggressively female leftist writer. There is one uncommon target, a Commando brigadier, who as a husband puts an occasional damper on Lola and Tommy's affair and is unsympathetic in many other respects. But even as one chuckles over his obtuseness and over their gay little adventures and misadventures, one remembers that Lola and Tommy were never the England that will Always Be. If this novel were a document rather than a fantasy, England would have been a pushover for a nocturnal invasion.

AMERICA VOTES: A HANDBOOK OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ELECTION STATISTICS, compiled and edited by Richard M. Scammon. *Macmillan. $12.50.*

With this book every man can be his own Samuel Lubell on election night, checking the early returns from Pottawattamie County, Iowa, against the 1952 figures to see how the farm vote is going; watching Montgomery, Alabama, to see if the South is solid; and keeping tabs on Boston's Ward Eight for an indication of how the big-city vote is shaping up. What we have here is an exhaustive compendium of national and gubernatorial election results since 1950—by states, cities, and right down to the assembly district. There are also maps and a wealth of other relevant data for those who delight in such things. A new volume in the series will be published every two years, and is sure to become a standard fixture in libraries, editorial offices, and the top desk drawers of a good many politicians.

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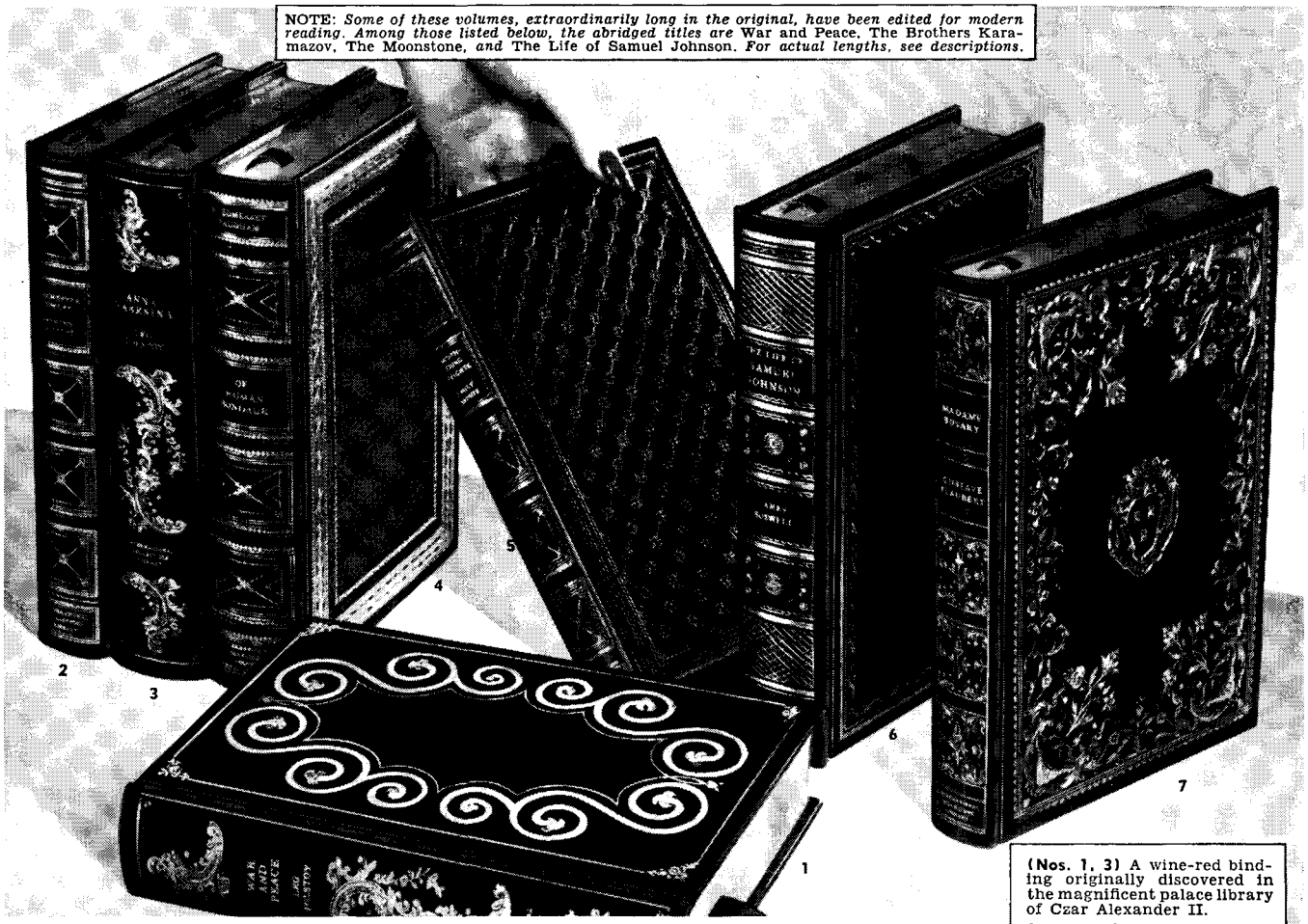

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